JOHN BULL, MARCH 2, 1929
TWOPENCE

JOHN BULL

No. 1185.
Vol. XLV.

OVER A MILLION SALE

I WONDER WHY SOME WOMEN STILL DRUDGE AWAY—WHEN WASHING'S SO EASILY DONE WITH

Persil

WHEN you let Persil do the washing, nearly all the work is done by the soap-laden oxygen bubbles which Persil releases in the washing water. These gently dissolve away every trace of grease and dirt from each fibre of the things washed. Harmlessly too—without rubbing. That is why Persil washes so wonderfully—and so easily. And washes *everything*—alone. Just follow the simple, clear instructions given on the packet for perfect results each time.

Use Persil—and see!

PERSIL—THE AMAZING OXYGEN WASHER. IN 2½d AND 6d PACKETS

JOSEPH CRAWFIELD & SONS LIMITED, WARRINGTON

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MAKE MORE MONEY.
Sell Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale Firm. Write now for Catalogue and Guide. Cochrane's Warehouse, 2, Thomas St., M'chester.

DRAPERS.—Buy your supplies of Drapery, Linens, Beddings, Remnants, Men's Overalls, Hosiery, direct; and save middle profits. Largest stocks in the Trade. List Free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Turner St., Manchester. (Estab. 1910.)

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners.—Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in general Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free.—Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

DRAPERY remnants for money-making. Wholesale lists free.—R. Lonsdale & Son, Dept. J.B., Textile Clearing House, Faulkner Street, Manchester.

FREE LIST to Dealers and Beginners for saleable lines in Hosiery, Drapery, Haberdashery, etc. (Wholesale only.)—Levy Bros., Dept. B., 39, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAPEST FIRM FOR HOSIERY, Overalls, Underwear, Drapery, Beginners, etc. Cat. free. Wholesale.—S. MOSCO (Dept. J.B.S), Lever St., Piccadilly, Manchester.

SHOPKEEPERS—SEND for Bargain List of Stationery, Fancy Goods, Spring Toys, etc.— W. H. Jackson & Co. (Dept. J.B.), Grimsby.

FENTS. Good Market Lines. All descriptions. List Free. Clean, straight stuff.—Robbie Fent Co., 24, Glovers Court, Preston.

AGENTS WANTED.

EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

EARN £3 Weekly, plus Bonus.—Run Bed-clothing, Drapery and Fancy Clubs amongst Friends. No outlay. Illustrated catalogue free. —Grove Mills Co. (Dept. M.), Birstall, nr. Leeds.

PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your spare Time; every kind, good profits. 160-page Catalogue free. MAY (17s), George St., Birmingham.

DISTRICT CANVASSERS wanted. £5-£14 wkly. Splendid line for Capable, Exped. Salesmen. Write Stanley's, 56, Warton Rd., Stratford, E.15.

AGENTS WANTED everywhere to collect accounts and extend the sale of our famous Boots, Suits, Bedding, etc. An opportunity to earn £1 or more commission weekly. Particulars free.— MASTERS, LTD., Rye. (Estd. 1869.)

A BETTER SPARE-TIME AGENCY. Represent an All-British Firm Selling All-British Goods. Highest Commission. Boots, Clothing, Drapery, etc. Cash or credit. Men in Work should apply now for Catalogues and full particulars.—SHARMANS, ST. ALBANS.

A GOOD Spare-time Agency.—Freeman's well-known Agency is offered to men in regular employment. If you wish to add to your income, get the particulars mentioned in the advertisement across bottom of page.

EMPLOYMENT.

MOTOR DRIVERS.—Special training for Private or Commercial Service. THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING trains to the standard of the ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Official Certificate, which is the only standard of proficiency ACCEPTED BY EMPLOYERS. Employment Department licensed by the L.C.C.—CALL or write for full particulars, BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner of Rupert Street, next Lyons' Corner House.)

KNITTERS wanted to Work GOLDEN FLEECE Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. B. M. CO., Dept. 192, 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.

KNITTERS wanted to work IMPERIA Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. —Write, IMPERIA Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 245, Tottenham Court Rd., London.

£150—£300 SALARY for Certificated Bookkeepers. Postal tuition 10s. month. Post found when qualified, or fee refd. Booklet, tests, free. —City Correspondence College (D.9), 89, New Oxford Street, London.

BUY LADIES' SILK STOCKINGS to sell again to friends, etc. Over 12/- in the £ profit. No order too small. Catalogue Free.—NICKSON'S, Manufr's., Broadway Chambers, London, W.6.

WANT to join the Police? Study at home to pass educational test.—Write Secretary, Force Correspondence College, Kew, Surrey.

AGENTS WANTED.—Good Commission. No outlay. Men in regular work to sell in spare time Ladies' and Gent's Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Drapery, etc., for Cash or Easy Terms. Particulars from Dept. B., John Perry & Co. (City), Ltd., 3, Pancras Lane, Queen St., Cheapside, London, E.C.4.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

"DO YOU ADVERTISE?" Advertisement inserted in 56 Provincial newspapers or London and Suburban, 7/10; Welsh, 5/8. Large or small Mail Order Campaign Experts, Advice free, Prospectus.—Central Press (Dept. 60), 323, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. 'Ph.: Chancery 8113.

START a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 upwards. Special attention to Widows and Beginners.—Write for advice and list H. to Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 3/6. Handbills fr. 7/6. Memos., Business Cards, etc. Samp. Free.—Cretevay Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

FREE.—List of printing for Dances, Whist-Drives, Socials, Concerts, Bazaars.—Stafford & Co., Ltd., Netherfield, Nottingham.

PRINTING.—10,000 Handbills or Billheads at 3/3 per 1,000. Samples for all trades with list of 887 prices sent for 3d. postage.—Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Bedfordshire.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 9s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge 27s.

CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Cards, Billheads or Handbills from 2/6. Other Cheap Printing. Samples FREE. — Pearson's, Church Road, Portsmouth.

BARGAIN SALES.

£3 A WEEK FOR YOU! Send for a FREE copy of "THE EXCHANGE & MART," giving full details. Write to J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS, direct from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES 5/6 for 1½ lb. for Socks, etc. Navy, Grey and White Yarn 3/10 lb. Post free. Patts. of Serges, Tweeds, etc.— Egerton Burnetts, W.B. Whse., Wellington, Som.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory Direct. Big Saving. Keenest prices. Stamp for List (J.B.). AGENTS WANTED.—British Boot Co., Bristol.

AMAZING WIRELESS VALUE. — 2-valve JUNO loud-speaker set comes to you with full instructions; complete with H.T. Battery, Accumulator, Aerial Outfit, Marconi or Mullard Valves; packed free; carriage paid to your door. Low easy terms to suit you. Write for free catalogue.—Juno Co. (Dept. D.4), 168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

SEND for CIRO PEARLS Booklet No. 28. This can be obtained FREE. (See advt. on page 25.

WRITE for Free Catalogue and new List of Gramophones and Pianos in the MIDLAND FURNISHING CO.'S advt. on page 27.

SEND at once for Free Illustrated List of SELFRIDGE'S CYCLES obtainable on easy terms. Mention *John Bull*. The advt. appears on page 29.

READERS' attention is drawn to the LANGHAM RADIO offer on page 29.

"83" Springs for Your COMFORT

5/-

The "83" SPRUNG EASY CHAIR

A most marvellous offer! Each chair carries our guarantee—hygienic upholstery throughout. The only perfect roomy and comfortable easy chair made at the price; sprung seats, sprung fronts, sprung arms, and sprung back, comprising 83 tempered steel coppered springs as follows:—67 in seat, 10 on arms, and 6 in back—total 83. The chair is 34 inches wide overall, and the seat is 23 inches deep and 22 inches wide. Upholstered in the best possible manner for ease and comfort in a very fine art Damask or Tapestry. (Patterns sent upon application.)

or delivered to your door free upon receipt of first payment of 5/- and 23 monthly payments afterwards of 5/- each.

NETT CASH PRICE: £5:15

This chair can be inspected at any of our showrooms.

Write for CATALOGUE

Sent Post Free upon application to our Head Office (Dept. J.B.).

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SYDENHAM: 75, 77 & 79, Sydenham Rd. 'Phone: Sydenham 3764.
YORK: 34-36, Parliament St. 'Phone: York 2356.
HULL: 24, 25, 26, Whitefriargate. 'Phone: Central 2313.
DERBY: 3 & 4, Iron Gate. 'Phone: Derby 1267.
LIVERPOOL: 1-9, Pembroke Place. 'Phone: Royal 1602.
SCARBOROUGH: 8, Castle Rd. 'Phone: Scarborough 1062.
SOUTHAMPTON: 156-8, High Street 'Phone: Southampton 3475.

HACKNEY FURNISHING CO. (1928) LTD.

West End Showrooms:
HACKNEY HOUSE, 39 & 41, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C.1.
Telephone: Fitzroy 2214.
Head Office and Showrooms:
TOWN HALL BLDGS., MARE ST., HACKNEY, LONDON, E.8
Telephone: Clissold 3030-3032. Telegrams: "Furniments," London.

CHINA from Works. Home Outfits, 32/6. Badged Ware, etc. Keenest prices. Clubs, Safes, Schools, Bazaars, Merchants. Cat. free. Satis. guarant'd. Liverpool Pottery, 34, Burslem, Staffs.

WOOLS.—Enormous sale reductions. Knitting, Hand, Machine, 12 oz., Rug 10½d., 1/-, 1/6 lb. Rug Guide, 600 Samples, Free.—Border Wools, 160, New Bridge, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from 2½d. roll, 150 patterns 1929 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late Leeds), 21, Shields Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

DANCE Novelties, advt. balloons, hats, fans, masks, mascots, etc. List free.—Novelty Supply Stores (Dept. 10), 228, Mile End Rd., Ldn., E.1.

RUBBER STAMPS and DATERS, Quickest delivery, lowest price. Lists free.—WAUNSTON TRADING CO., MORRISTON, SWANSEA.

PLANTOLEUM Super Floor Covering. Latest Artistic Designs. 2/- sq. yd. Carr. Paid Gt Britain. Send for free patterns.—PLANT'S LINO WAREHOUSE, 26, Central Rd., Leeds.

HOYLE'S Calico 39 inches wide 9d. per yd. Wonderful value. Six or more yards post free.— J. Crowther, Tower Street, Bacup.

FREE QUILTS and BLANKETS.—This extraord.nary offer is made in one of the "Bargain" ads. in *John Bull's* Shop Window (page 5). Can you find it?

MARKETING BY POST.

TEA.—Buy direct, save middlemen's profit. Indian and Ceylon Specially blended. 4 lb. 6/6, 10 lb. 15/-. Carr. paid. TEA DUST, 7 lb. 7/-, 10 lb. 9/6.—Poulter & Co., Dane Place, Bow, E.3.

DRESS.

BABY'S SUPERIOR 85-piece Layette, 29/6. Best materials. Unequalled Bargain. Mat, Coats, Shawls, Robes, Gowns, Nighties, Vests, Flannels, Napkins, Barras, Towels. Purchase from a Mother, 14 years' experience. Send 2/- for patts.; approv. Cash or Terms.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LAYETTE, 30/-. 85 home-made pieces. Contains everything from Chris. Robes to Napkins. A purchaser writes:—"Your Layettes are too cheap at 30/-; they are worth £3." Similar letters received daily. Post 2/- now for this incomparable bargain on approval. (Cash or instalments.)—Mrs. D. Munston, 97, Lake Road, Portsmouth.

MUSICAL.

GRAMOPHONES, 24/-; motors, 9/-; accessories. Violins, Accordeons, cheapest. 64-page list, 3d. How to make Gramos.—Rosenthall, 190, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

VIOLINS, Drummers' Outfits, Saxophones, Ukuleles, Trumpets, Gramophones, etc., from 5/- deposit. 2/6 weekly. Lists free.—Palmers, 135, Linthorpe Road, Middlesbrough.

GRAMOPHONES. BUILD OWN £40 MODEL FOR 40/-. Instructions, 3d. List of Parts Free.—J.B.G., 166, High St., Deptford, London.

READERS interested in Portable Gramophones should read the LESDEN announcement on page 29.

LIVESTOCK, POULTRY, ETC.

SPECIAL OFFER. — Talking Parrots with Cages from 20/-. Singing Canaries, 15/-. 3 months' trial.—List fr. Chapmans, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London.

£40 FOR A CANARY! Crystal Palace Show reveals amazing prices—yet you can begin Canary Breeding for £2 only! See this week's "CAGE BIRDS," 2d. all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

£100 PROFIT FROM 98 HENS! Never was poultry so profitable as now! Begin this week! Get "THE POULTRY WORLD," 2d. all newsagents. Specimen free from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1929 Catalogue and Gardening Guide, 180 pages, 240 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—DOBBIE & CO., LTD., The King's Seedsmen, EDINBURGH.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Midyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance, New Discovery. Wonderful! No hump pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on Trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (488D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

MEDICAL RESEARCH DISCOVERY cures Bladder Weakness and Kidney Troubles. Ask for PARKER'S FLUID REMEDY, 5/- at Boots', Taylor's, etc., or from Parker's Remedy, Ltd., 49, Renshaw Street, Liverpool. Sample 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING. Genuine remedy proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NERVOUSNESS. A remarkable book on genuine cure of self-consciousness, Blushing, Depression, Weak Nerves, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, etc. Recommended by Editor of "Health & Strength", sent privately for 3d. only.—Henry Rivers (J.B. 49), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

BRONCHITIS.—Vapo-Cresolene relieves cough and complications. Write for free booklet No. 44.—Allen & Hanbury's, Ltd., London, E.C.2.

WHY REMAIN DEAF? For best advice and remedies write The "Orellettes" Co. 503, Abbey House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

BALDNESS. I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d.—Douglas Drew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Ho., Victoria Rd., S.E.15.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellry, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

FOR MOTORISTS.

GOOD used Tyres from £1 ea., C.O.D., approv. New Tyres for wkly. payments. Inquiries (stating size), London Car Co., 52, Theobalds Rd., W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

64-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—TRIMNELL, The Herbalist, 144, Richmond Rd., Cardiff. Est. 1879.

ACCURATE Shorthand. World's simplest high-speed system. Invented by experienced pressman. First lesson free.—Dutton, Reporter, Desk 30, Skegness.

£50 FOR A POSTCARD! £100 in cash prizes offered in free competition in the March "BLUE MAGAZINE." Sealed—with 15 complete modern stories, piquant, frank and fearless. Authors include "Valentine," Brandon Fleming, Gertie Wentworth, James and Harold Wentworth. 1/- now at all bookstalls; 1/3 from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

THOSE NINE MOMENTOUS MONTHS! Every married couple should read T. Bowen Partington's sane, outspoken article in "HEALTH & STRENGTH." 2d. now, all newsagents; 4d. from J. B. Burt, 4, Greville Street, E.C.1.

ASK "THE BAZAAR" whether your old pictures, books, ornaments, furniture, etc., have special value. Remarkable FREE service.—Write, J. B. Burt, 4, Greville St., London, E.C.1, or see this week's "BAZAAR," 6d. all newsagents.

NERVE Sufferers! Do not overlook the MULLER FREE OFFER on page 11.

FREE SAMPLE SET of Calvert's preparations (Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap, etc.) is offered on page 27. Send 3d. in stamps and be sure to mention Dept. "E."

SEND 3d. in stamps for De Luxe sample outfit of POUDRE TOKALON offered on page 35.

FREEMANS

CASH OR CREDIT

CELEBRATED SPARE TIME

AGENCY

BOOTS, Gents' and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Highest Commissions Paid.

Liberal supply of samples. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.

Enquiries for Agency Invited.

LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

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IN YOUR OWN HOME FREE OF COST

MAKE SURE OF YOUR SUCCESS IN 1929.

ON FIVE DAYS' APPROVAL IN YOUR OWN HOME—FREE NOW

The GREATEST ONE-VOLUME DICTIONARY IN EXISTENCE

New Supplements. New Features. New Dictionaries of Famous Men, Women, and Notable Proper Names in History, Science, Politics, Art, Literature and Tradition.

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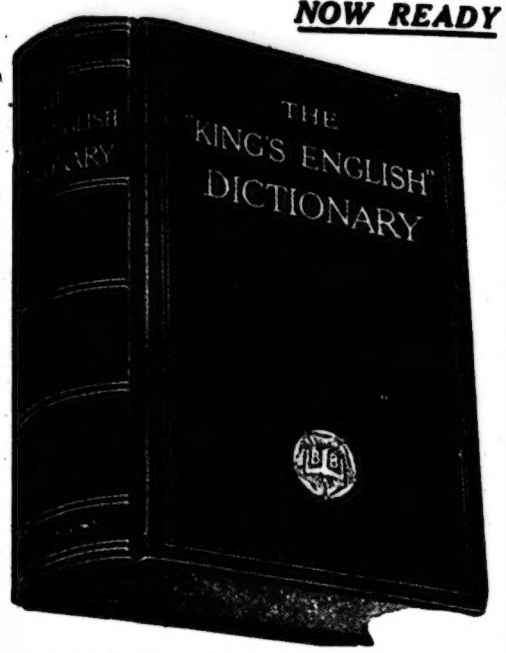


READ THESE LETTERS FROM SATISFIED POSSESSORS.

The Wonder Book of the Times.—J. H. Haskins, Exeter, writes: "The 'King's English' Dictionary is, without a doubt, the 'Wonder Book' of the times."

Educational.—W. H. Day, 011 Southgate, N.14, writes: "I consider it to be the most concise and comprehensive work of its kind. My daughter also finds the work of great assistance to her as regards general knowledge."

Nothing to Equal It.—W. J. Mudie, Manchester, writes: "I must say that without a doubt it is the finest work of its kind that I have had the pleasure to handle, and I am more than satisfied with it."

From a Headmaster.—"May I congratulate you on such a wonderful production. Personally it has not failed me whenever I have opened it. I am pleased that so many of my boys' parents have obtained a copy. It should prove particularly instructive to all who are taking scholarship examinations."

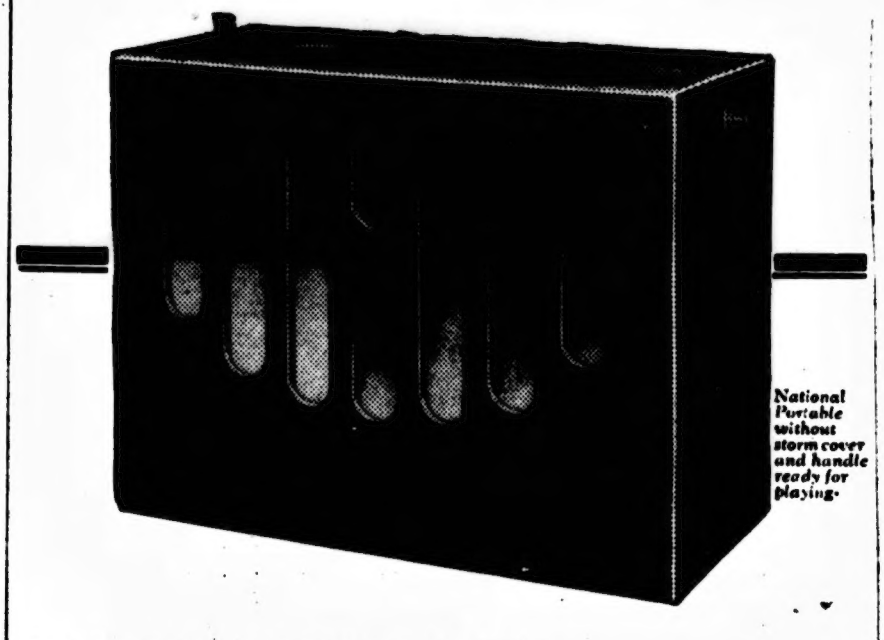
FIRST PAYMENT
2/6
AFTER EXAMINATION
POST THIS FREE APPROVAL COUPON NOW.

BRITISH BOOKS LTD., 86, STRAND, W.C.2.

Please forward me the "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY (New Edition) ON 5 DAYS' APPROVAL. I WILL RETURN IT ON THE SIXTH DAY, OR, IF I DECIDE TO PURCHASE, I WILL REMIT A FIRST PAYMENT OF 2/6 and 10 FURTHER MONTHLY PAYMENTS OF 3/- TO COMPLETE THE PRICE OF 32/6. (CASH PRICE 31/-)

NAME .....

ADDRESS..... J.B. 140



National Portable without storm cover and handle ready for playing.

BRINGS EUROPE'S BRIGHTEST MUSIC TO YOUR FIRESIDE . . . ANYWHERE!!

Whether you live in the heart of London or in the country the National Portable will bring you the choicest selections of Europe's broadcast programmes—talks, music, songs, vaudeville, dance music, pianoforte solos, etc. You need never have a dull evening.

SIMPLE TO OPERATE

Bringing in Home and Foreign programmes is an easy matter. You just switch on the set and turn the tuning dial until the music comes in. The very best of the continental stations including Berlin, Vienna, Paris, etc., can be received perfectly. The tone of the National Portable is all that can be desired. It is true and sweet and the volume obtainable, without the slightest distortion of voice or music, is unique among portable sets.

HANDSOME APPEARANCE.

The hand-polished oak case of the National Portable makes a tasteful addition to any room. It is so much more like a musical instrument than the suitcase kind of portable.

FREE DEMONSTRATION.

There are three different ways of hearing the National Portable.
(1) Call at a good Wireless Dealer.
(2) Send us your name and address and we will instruct the nearest dealer to take a set to your home.
(3) Call at our offices 10, 12, 14 Beak Street (off Regent Street).

SEND THIS COUPON FOR FULL PARTICULARS.

NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, 10, 12 & 14, BEAK ST., LONDON, W.1.
(a) Please send me Catalogue and full details of National Five-Valve Portable.
(b) Please ask my nearest dealer to send a National Portable Set for free demonstration without obligation.

Name .....

Address .....

Town..... *County*.....

.....J.B.6.

With storm cover and handle ready for carrying

The National Five-Valve Long Distance Portable Wireless Set absolutely complete and ready to play the instant you touch the switch. **£15** *Cash Price*

Deferred Terms 20/- down and 30/- a month for eleven months or £2. 10. 0 down and 30/- a month for nine months. Any National Portable dealer will arrange deferred payments.

NATIONAL PORTABLE RADIO

NATIONAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, 10, 12, 14, BEAK STREET, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Here's My Price

From £3-15s. CASH, or 2/- WEEKLY

I OFFER to readers of "John Bull" first-class Coventry-built Cycles at POUNDS BELOW usual prices. Absolutely GENUINE REDUCTIONS have been made in thousands of brand new, fully guaranteed 1929 Models, any of which I will send on 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, Carr. Paid, on receipt of small deposit only.

Testimonials from everywhere in Great Britain. Satisfaction or money refunded. MY FREE LISTS will convince you, so write NOW for a copy and Choose Your Cycle from the Largest Selection in the World.

Edwd O'Brien Ltd.
THE WORLD'S LARGEST CYCLE DEALER, Dep. 6 **COVENTRY.**

INFLUENZA COUGHS, COLDS and BRONCHITIS INSTANTLY STOPPED

It is a curious thing that year after year Influenza sweeps the world, sometimes in the form of mild colds, simple chills or irritating coughs—which sometimes turn to the more dangerous Pneumonia—and Medical Science seems helpless against it. Yet here at hand is a tried and proved remedy which has never failed. There are thousands and thousands of people alive to-day who are sworn believers in this wonderful remedy—Powell's Balsam of Aniseed—because they know and have proved its worth. Now, they never suffer more than a day with a chill or cold. It doesn't get a chance to develop into virulent Influenza or Pneumonia, because it is instantly stopped by Powell's Balsam of Aniseed.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH A COLD

Directly you start taking Powell's Balsam there is a definite change for the better in your condition. From the very first moment it is checked, and your strength is not only maintained, but each hour you get stronger and stronger, until you are able to finally throw off the chill. Coughs stop like magic. Colds fade quickly away. Influenza and Powell's Balsam cannot exist together in the same system. Take

Powell's BALSAM of ANISEED

THE CENTURY OLD CERTAIN REMEDY

and you will know what it is to wear a suit of armour against BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, INFLUENZA, CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, COUGHS, AND COLDS, SORE THROAT, ETC.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per Bottle. From Boots, Taylors, Timothy White, Harrods, Selfridges, Whiteleys, all Chemists and Stores.

Advt. issued by Thomas Powell Ltd., Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.

ONLY ONE SIXPENNY DOUBLE-ENTRY ALLOWED FROM EACH READER.

JOHN BULL'S SQUARE AND FAIR CROSSWORD

An equal opportunity for all!

£500

MUST · BE · WON

ENTRANCE FEE 6D. FOR TWO ATTEMPTS

CLOSING DATE NOON FRIDAY, MARCH 8TH

"John Bull" will pay £500 for a correct solution, on one Form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution.

Every reader has an equal opportunity—no competitor may send in more than one sixpenny double-entry — entry fee Sixpence for TWO attempts.

SOLUTION OF PUZZLE WILL BE PUBLISHED IN "JOHN BULL" ON SALE THURSDAY, MARCH 14TH.

☞ *Read the following Rules and Conditions carefully and be sure to keep copies of your solutions, together with postal order number.* ☜

Fill in puzzle below in ink and your name and address in block capitals. Cut out coupon, place it with a Postal Order, value sixpence, in an envelope bearing a 1½d. stamp, and post to:—

"John Bull" Crosswords (No. 2),
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2 (Comp.),

so as to reach us not later than noon on Friday, March 8th. Entry MUST be sent by post.

Postal Orders must be made payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and crossed & Co./, and the date of sending the order, complete with the name and address of competitor, must be written on the back. The number of the Postal Order must be written in the space provided in the Entry Form. Stamps cannot in any circumstances be accepted.

Each competitor must write name and address in block letters on the back of the envelope outside.

No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for any coupon lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery, and no correspondence can be entered into. In the event of a tie the prize will be divided between those competitors whose coupons are correct or contain fewest errors, but no competitor shall receive more than one share.

SQUARE AND FAIR.

"John Bull's" Great Square and Fair Crossword competition has made an instant appeal to our readers. Here is a Crossword puzzle in which every competitor stands an equal chance. No reader may send in more than the one double-entry coupon which allows you **two** attempts for an entrance fee of Sixpence. Try your Crossword skill on the puzzle below and pocket a cheque for £500!

Mutilated or altered Entry Forms will be disqualified. Solutions must be complete and filled in on Entry Forms provided.

No competitor may send in more than the two solutions "A" and "B" provided for on the Entry Forms.

The correct solution of the puzzle is known only to the Editor, and will be kept under seal until all entries have been received.

Solution of this Puzzle will be published in "John Bull," on sale Thursday, March 14th, and if your Entry Form, "A" or "B" is absolutely identical or contains not more than three words differing from the solution as published, you must submit a claim in accordance with the directions which will then be given. Be sure to keep copies of your Solutions—failure to claim entails disqualification.

Entries for this Competition must not be enclosed with "Bullets" entries or other correspondence addressed to "John Bull."

The Editor reserves the right to disqualify any competitor for reasons which he considers good and sufficient.

Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not allowed to compete.

Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

CLUES

ACROSS

1. Furred animal.
4. Hole in the ground.
8. An oilc.
9. To bind by affection.
12. Make one.
13. Monkey.
14. Aromatic oil.
17. Pleasant taste.
19. State of comfort.
22. Adult males.
23. Conjunction.
24. A swelling.
27. Narrow piece of leather.
28. Greasy fluid.
29. Smart blow.
31. Behind.
32. Part of a grate.
33. Flat circular surface.
35. Recent.
37. Indicate.
38. To border upon.
39. Victorian Order (abbr.).
41. 20 cwts.
43. An attendant.
44. Hen-fruit.
45. Small.
46. Regarding.

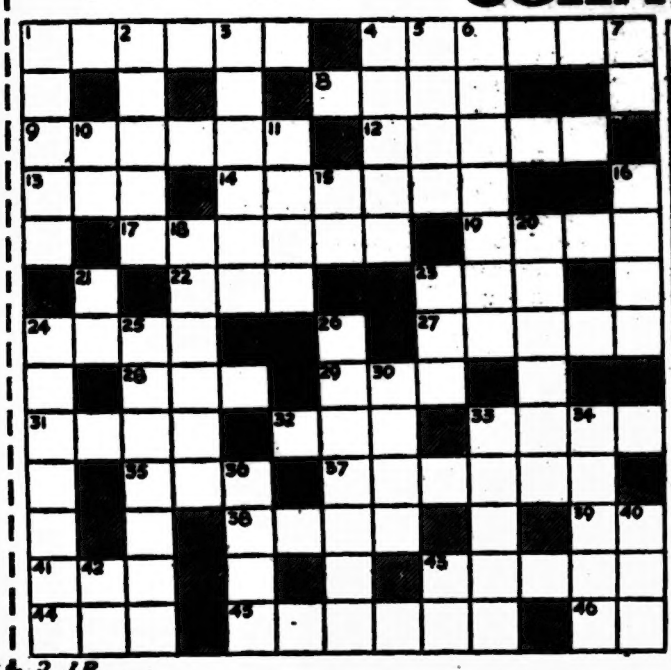
DOWN

1. Much used as food.
2. Poisonous snake.
3. To make able.
4. To become red.
5. Forearm bone.
6. Clothing.
7. Personal pronoun.
10. North Pole (abbr.).
11. Liquid precipitation.
15. London Scottish (abbr.).
16. Retain.
18. Emperior's territory.
20. Dexterous.
21. Trades Union (abbr.).
23. Serpent.
24. Bearded.
25. Groaning.
26. Manufactured goods.
30. Aid.
33. To immerse.
34. Separate.
36. To bowl.
40. Crude mineral.
42. Old German (abbr.).
43. U. L. (actual).

Words in this Competition can be found in Nuttall's Dictionary or Chambers's 20th Century Dictionary (and Supplement).

CUT HERE

ENTRY FORM "A" **JOHN BULL** ENTRY FORM "B"



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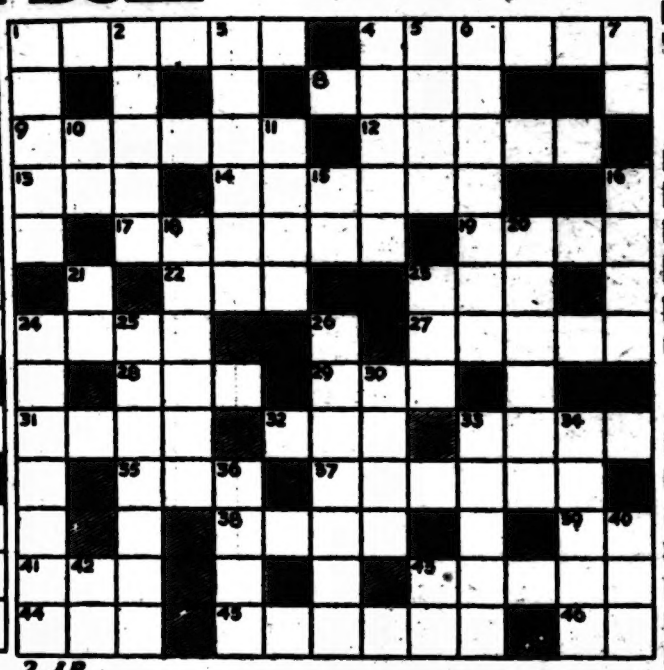

2 J.B.

☞ *Don't forget to write your name and address in Block letters on the back of your envelope.* ☜

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose 6d. P.O. No.....,

(These Entry Forms must not be separated and a postal order for SIXPENCE must be enclosed to cover either one OR BOTH entries.)

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

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ADVANCE DETAILS OF "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 2 WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 2.

When you have tried your skill on "John Bull's" £500 "Crossword," try for another £500 by entering for "The People" Fair-for-all Crossword next Sunday!

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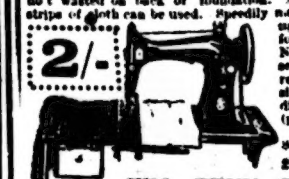

enables you to make a rug on an ordinary Sewing Machine (hand, treadle or power). A full-size hearthrug can be made in a few hours; and the result will be better and stronger than with any other apparatus, also the wood is not wasted on back of foundation. Any wool or long strips of cloth can be used. Speedily makes any size rug or mat. With devices for long or short pile. No adjustment to sewing machine is required. With very simple illustrated directions, price 2/-, (post 3d.).

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ALL BEDDING for FULL-SIZE DOUBLE BEDS. Approval or money refunded.

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2 Heavy Woolly Blankets, whipped edges and bordered; 2 Fine Twill Sheets, English made, strongly woven; 1 Heavy Floral Quilt, newest colourings; 1 Fine White Bolstercase; Two Fine White Pillow Cases to match.

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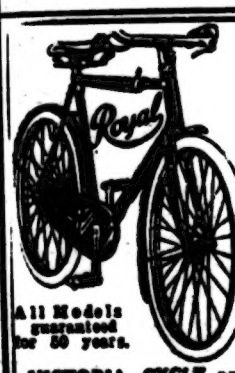

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for Week ending Saturday, Mar. 3, 1929. Twopence.
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"If you see it in 'John Bull'—it is so"

Royal Wedding Bells—Ramsay Rumours

Happy Hosiers?—Blackmail's Latest

Caviare and Peaches

LOOK for an announcement within the next three months of the marriage engagement of the Prince of Wales. Marlborough House, his new home, is ready and is not likely to be occupied for long by a bachelor prince.

* * *

We say no more at the moment, lest we embarrass anyone by a premature linking of names; and heaven forbid that we should do anything to delay so happy an occasion for everyone.

* * *

As we announced not long ago, the Prince more than once told his intimates that he would marry when he was thirty-five. He will be that age in June.

Ex-Sergeant Josling

The amount of compensation for ex-Sergeant Josling will probably be announced on the day this issue appears. Mr. Jack Hayes, M.P., will ask the Home Secretary a question about it in the House on that day, and the opportunity will then be taken to state the amount.

Readers, by the way, have written to know the views on this matter of Sir Wyndham Childs, late Chief of the C.I.D., and now controlling John Bull's Investigation Department.

Sir Wyndham, of course, had no knowledge of the Josling case, that being entirely the affair of the uniformed branch of the Metropolitan Police.

Nothing serious

The talk about Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's breaking up is—just talk. He is frequently troubled with minor ailments, and as he is of a rather nervous temperament these sometimes make him impatient and upset.

But there is no serious ill-health, so nobody need stand by for the leadership.

Inevitable

It is becoming more apparent every day that the constant review of the Reparations question is no longer a political matter.

The dictators are the international bankers. The crux of the matter is—can Germany continue to pay what she owes the Allies and meet the demands for interest on post-war American loans as well?

If she cannot, the Allies will be called upon to foot the difference, and we'll pay the lion's share as usual!

Petrol or pretties

Mr. Winston Churchill is toying with the notion of reducing the Silk Duty and of recouping his lost revenue by advancing the petrol tax from 4d. to 6d. a gallon.

Such a policy would handicap industry all round by increasing transport costs, damage the motor manufacturers by frightening off intending car-purchasers, and probably put hundreds of taxi-cab proprietors out of business.

But what are such trifles compared with cheaper stockings for flappers?

M.P.'s Protest

A protest made by an M.P. last week against restrictions on questions in the House had its effect, and he was finally allowed to point to the intention of National Flying Services, Ltd., to ask the public for capital on the strength of a subsidy not sanctioned by the House.

The clerks at the table are, in the opinion of many members, beginning to place a very strict interpretation on the rules.

But if M.P.s have any questions refused, they can always send them to John Bull and get better results!

Honours unequal

Is proper credit being given in the Royal bulletins to all who have attended the King? There has been no mention of the services of an eminent dentist who has paid over twenty visits to Buckingham Palace, and has taken several X-ray photographs.

Lord Dawson

However, we are glad, as are all our readers, to think that, before so very long there will be no need for Lord Dawson's bulletins, and that His Majesty will be out and about once more.

A few weeks of spring weather will make all the difference.

Post-mortem pests

Here is a neat trick successfully played by a gang of swindlers. Their habit was to pose as booksellers and send to the executors of recently deceased dignitaries of the Church, and others of prominent respectability, a heavy bill for pornographic literature.

In order to avoid the possible sullying of an unspotted reputation, such "bills" have in many cases been settled. But recently a lawyer threatened a prosecution for selling indecent literature, as well as for attempted blackmail.

The threat was effective.

Brains behind the scenes

The Tory Party is sadly missing the brain of that arch-strategist Sir Herbert Blain these days. It was Sir Herbert, as Conservative organiser, who smashed the Liberal Party and outmanœuvred Labour over the General Strike.

Sir Herbert Blain

He is a past master in the art of political manœuvring, excelled only by the late Master of Elibank, the Liberal organiser.

But even without him, the Tory is easily the most efficient and farseeing of the three Party organisations. Money still talks!

Buy American cars!

The City Council at Coventry, the home of British motor-cars, has decided to select one standard typewriter for use throughout the Corporation's service.

They have chosen the American "Underwood" for the job.

And you can't send such folk to Coventry very well.

Hope springs eternal

When Lord Melchett, then Sir Alfred Mond, went over to the Conservatives a few years ago, the Party privately guaranteed twenty safe seats for any of his Liberal friends who cared to follow him. The offer was not accepted.

It is now being put up again. But there is still no response.

* * *

The Liberal strategy to split the vote in the coming Election, so that whoever comes back will be dependent on Mr. Lloyd George's support, has filled the Party with new enthusiasm and secession from the ranks is definitely stayed.

The petrol thefts

The large losses and deficiencies of petrol and other stores in the Royal Air Force occurred principally during the period of change from an old storage system to a modern one which contains many safeguards.

It is to be hoped the new measures will prove successful. It only requires two or three undetected thieves to besmirch the honour of the Force.

Meanwhile, let Sir Samuel Hoare mete out equal justice to the officer who takes ten gallons for his racing car and the air-mechanic who takes one gallon for his motor-bike.

What's yours?

John Bull's Ideal Prize Exhibition opens to-day. The exhibits are on page 39—a £3,000 Ideal Home, £3,000 in cash, or a free pension of £8 weekly for life.

Your opportunity of winning one of these smashing "Bullets" prizes is equal to anyone's. So enter to-day; and then make up your mind which you want!

Babel at Moscow

The present intention of the great industrial deputation to Russia is to leave on March 9th, if it can get ready.

Nearly 150 people have applied to join. How many of them can speak Russian? Practically none, and we have no officials in Russia.

Diplomatic representation remains the first real step towards understanding. Even our diplomatists will soon have forgotten the lingo!

Social note

"Half-a-dozen tables groaned under a load of exquisite dishes in the supper room. Lady Portarlington, whose personality was amazingly expressed by her rosebud besprinkled frock of blue velvet, toyed with some caviare, Señora Guevara with a quail. The peach on the plate before her matched perfectly Lady Ashley's complexion."

Thus a Conservative daily journal. And *what* was it that the Prince said when he visited the mining villages?

Awkward

"The American Navy," says Mr. Secretary Wilbur, "is unready for war." By a strange coincidence, there is no war ready for the American Navy.

Suspicious

The "official" cost-of-living figures have risen, and with them, of course, the bonus payable to civil servants.

This increase works out as a present of £2 7s. 6d. on a salary of £100, and £5 2s. 8d. on one of £500.

Civil servants are all voters, and there are a lot of them. There is a General Election talked of this spring. Do you see any connection?

IF YOU SEE IT—(Continued)

Another feather

As the fruit of our agitation, the National Maritime Board has decided that every vessel trading outside certain defined coastal waters, and over 2,750 tons gross register, must carry three certificated navigation officers.

This long overdue reform will abolish the double watch at sea, lessen the unemployment among merchant officers, and provide that a man shall only stay on the bridge for eight hours out of each twenty-four.

We fought for this when others were too frightened to expose the sweating in the Merchant Service. Modestly, we pat ourselves on the back to-day.

Not the same

In connection with our recent article entitled "A Flaxen-haired Fraud," we have been asked to inform our readers that Mr. H. T. de Vere Clifton, who is at present an undergraduate at Oxford, and a large landowner, is in no way connected with the individual alluded to in the article who had adopted the name of de Vere Clifton.

We gladly give publicity to this fact.

"Tony" gets time

A month or two ago we mentioned the activities of "Silk-hatted Tony," a dapper gentleman who stood in the London streets dangling a notice, "Genuine Bank Notes for Sale—Sold for a Wager."

Those who parted with their money, only to find that the envelope they received in exchange contained a worthless and obsolete German note, will be interested to learn that the dapper Tony, whose real name is Leslie John Asten, is now being entertained by His Majesty.

The hospitality will continue for two months.

Better than nothing

Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, M.P., is prodding away at the Ministry of Labour to get facts and figures for a Bill which he is going to introduce to aid emigration.

Commander Locker-Lampson

His proposal is that instead of paying men the "dole" to eat their hearts out in idleness, they should be paid the money and encouraged to emigrate as well.

After a period of training, men would be sent overseas and the "dole" would be paid for two years by the Government of Great Britain to enable them to settle in the new country.

The scheme certainly has good points.

Fuzzy bloodhounds

"Jix's" bloodhounds have been baying the moon at East Ham, where twenty-three tobacconists were dragged before the local magistrate. Their crime? Selling their wares after hours, of course.

Although an Act has legalised the sale of tobacco until a later hour than formerly, it is not locally operative until a two-thirds majority of the traders concerned petition for its introduction.

Only 199 East Ham tobacconists have so petitioned. And George Davey Lill, "Jix's" local limb, discovered that 199 was not a two-thirds majority.

The result was twenty-two fines of £1 and one fine of five shillings.

Giving the lie

Hull's workless start queuing up outside the Employment Exchange soon after midnight on the off-chance of securing casual labour, and the officials arrive hours later.

One cold morning recently this "work-queue" numbered 1,200.

What an answer to the ignorant, self-satisfied oafs who write to the papers complaining that the "unemployed are lazy" and "will not seek for work"!

And what a bitter reflection on the politicians' mismanagement of their task!

Peddled mysteries

Peddling queer birds by queerer methods is now a local sport in Surrey.

When a member of the family is out, a tout calls with one or more brace of birds, generally of an unknown species, saying that they have been ordered, and that he is to collect their price.

A reader was recently persuaded to part with 10s. for four tough and uneatable feathered mysteries in this way.

If they call at your house—give *them* the bird.

Justice for Jack

Mr. Hore Belisha, M.P., has taken up with the Admiralty our grouse about the men invalided out of the Royal Navy without pension.

Since October 1, 1928, when some new Admiralty rules came into operation, seventy cases of invaliding for tuberculosis have been dealt with, and forty-six men have received disability pensions.

Ten other cases are still under consideration. Ten cases dealt with before October 1 have been re-considered on appeal, but the original awards have not been altered.

Red-tape must not stand in the way of compensating men who contract tuberculosis in the stoke-holds of His Majesty's ships.

We puritans

If Miss Clara Bow, the American film star, does not mind being filmed running across a lawn without a stitch of clothing on, that is entirely her affair.

But if film-censorship is anything but a farce, it must not again allow such films as that in which Miss Bow displays herself as God and America made her.

We don't want 'em here.

Victimised vicars

Big vicarages which it is a perpetual struggle to maintain and starvation salaries are driving the British vicar to distraction.

The last turn of the thumbscrew awaits those whose curates have not paid their quota for clergy pensions, for there is now a threat to withhold the grants for the latter's stipends.

As a vicar is, in the last resort, responsible for the money, his slender income is again threatened.

Overrun by bishops, archdeacons, canons, and aristocratic lay-folk, the National Assembly of the Church of England is out of touch with large industrial and remote country parishes.

Diseases in the glass

Some of those who are so anxious about the closing of public houses would be more usefully occupied in agitating for more rigid supervision of them while they are open.

The gravest scandal, and a source of great public danger, is the filthy condition of the glasses in many establishments.

When business is brisk in the four-ale bar, there is hardly any attempt to clean glasses. Disease spreads swiftly from mouth to mouth as the result, and the sudden increase in the 'flu epidemic was largely due to this disgusting state of affairs.

Cotton "oil"

The Lancashire Amalgamated Weavers' Association is taking a test case to Court in order to thrash out the legality of the universal system of fining operatives for bad work in the weaving sheds.

This cause of irritation annually provides a crop of small strikes.

Mr. Andrew Naesmith, the Amalgamation's General Secretary, is determined to end such strikes. Other Trade Union leaders please note, and consider for future guidance.

Waste of money

Why should Lord Onslow, the Paymaster-General be voted £437 for helping to pilot the Local Government Bill through the House of Lords? There is no earthly reason why he should not have performed this parliamentary duty for nothing.

Lord Onslow

And if he is unwilling or unable to do this, the services of the Law Lords, who are equipped with expert knowledge and are paid, or the Lords-in-Waiting, also in receipt of salaries, could have been utilised.

Golden puffs

The B.B.C. publications no doubt have their uses, but since they have been launched there has been far too much advertising over the wireless.

A puff is slipped cleverly or crudely into nearly every programme.

When a gramophone record is played, for example, and the maker's name and the number given, the advertisement value is worth hundreds of pounds.

Dirty

A particularly mean fraud was practised on a Welshman who visited London.

While sharing a table at a restaurant with a stranger, he felt sorry for the latter's inability to foot his bill, and very kindly loaned him the necessary sum. The stranger asked him for his address, in order that the loan might be repayed.

On arriving home the Welshman discovered that his wife had received a wire in his absence stating, "Wire five pounds at once. In trouble."

He is now trying to scrape together the five pounds, which his distracted wife had borrowed from a neighbour.

First-hand knowledge

Mr. Arthur Shepherd, M.P. for Darlington, and Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P. for Nottingham (South), are endeavouring to obtain better treatment for tramps in the casual wards.

Many now tramping the roads are decent men searching for work, and the indignities to which they have sometimes to submit are shameful.

Mr. Shepherd has tramped the roads and slept in the casual wards, to make himself familiar with the prevailing conditions.

Mr. Shepherd

He is known to hundreds of men on the road and is a great favourite with them all. One day he took one of his tramp friends to the House of Commons—and there was quite a flutter in the dovecots at Westminster.

Loopholes for wrigglers

The Countess Haig's speech on pensions at the British Legion Conference has been unfortunately misreported.

Lady Haig is made to say that the Pensions Ministry will consider the cases of ex-Service men who can prove that their disability arises from war service, although the time limit of seven years has elapsed.

The truth is that in order to obtain a hearing, an ex-Service man must prove that in no possible circumstances could he have brought his claim during the seven years period.

This ruling gives the Ministry many loopholes to escape its obligations, as our Pensions Department knows from bitter experience in urging the claims of war-broken men.

A winter's tale

James Burgess, penniless, cold and a stranger, approached a plain-clothes policeman at Sutton Coldfield at midnight, and begged for a cigarette.

The policeman arrested him, and he appeared before the Bench charged with wandering abroad without visible means of subsistence.

He admitted his poverty, his homelessness, and his misery. So the magistrates sent him to prison for fourteen days.

Their names are Sir Alfred Evans and Alderman Bamford.

Procastinators busy

Negotiations with America on the subject of Maritime Law are giving rise to long arguments and secret minutes between various officials of the Foreign Office and other Departments.

When the British Service Departments *and* the Foreign Office *and* the Committee of Imperial Defence can reach some agreement on a policy, we shall open negotiations with the U.S.A.

The delay is costing many millions in cruisers. Who are the hidden obstructionists?

A "cross" reference

This week we offer another £500 to the clever reader who wins our second great "Square and Fair" Crossword Puzzle.

You will find the square on page 4. Turn to it right now; get your wits to work—and the best of luck to you!

* * *

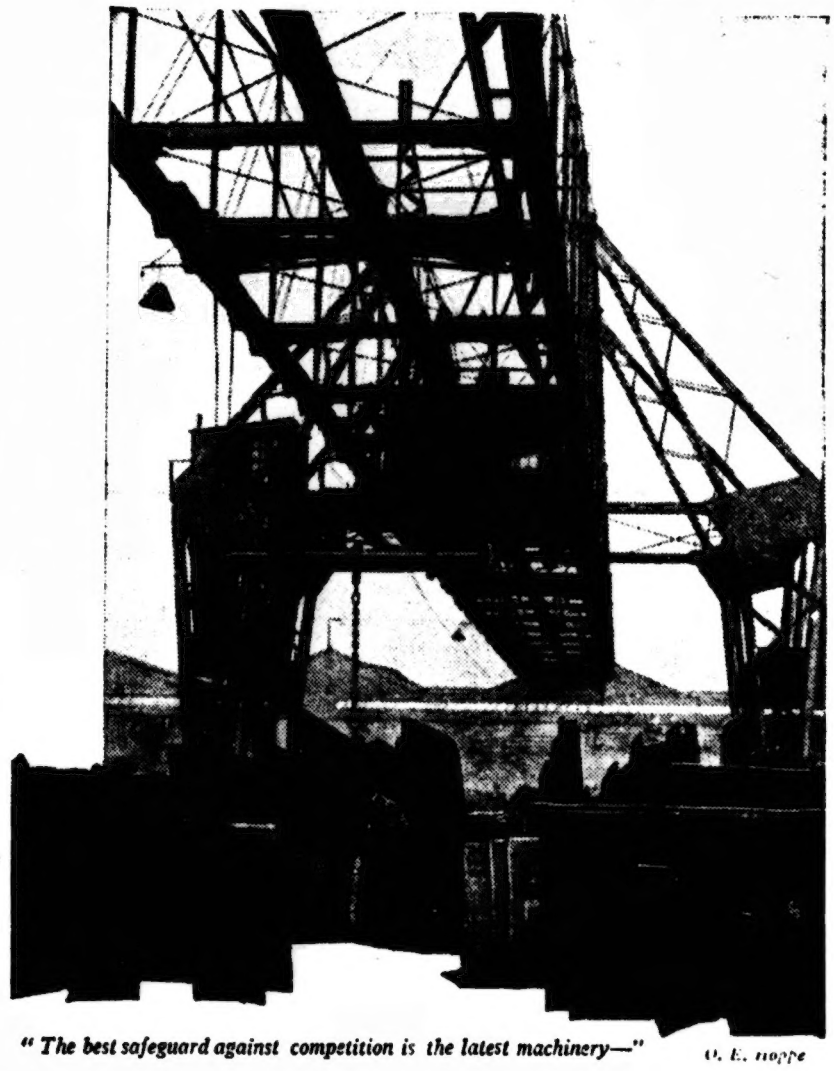
Do not forget that "John Bull's" regular day of sale is Thursday—not Wednesday.

Starve the MILL—*and the* MANSION *Will Fall*

—*Down will come Profits, Owners and All*

by **A. J. T. TAYLOR**

Mr. Alfred J. T. Taylor, Craven Brothers (Manchester) Ltd., and a sound authority on industry



"The best safeguard against competition is the latest machinery—" O. E. Hoppé

THE restoration of Britain's industrial prosperity is not a political problem. It is an economic problem, and it can only be solved by economic methods.

As to what these methods should be, my own professional investigations leave me in no doubt whatsoever. This country possesses an abundance of some of the most important requisites for industrial success.

It has cheap coal, world supplies of raw material, magnificent transport facilities and the best all-the-year-round working climate.

Its workers are the best in the world. If there is a country in which those who are responsible for the operating of industrial plants ought to operate them at a profit, it is Great Britain.

Why does the present industrial depression exist?

In my view, it exists because of the presence of certain fundamental obstacles which, like the roots of trees, are hidden and therefore overlooked.

The object of an industrial plant is to earn profits. If it fails to do so it cannot permanently survive. Everybody understands that.

But few understand exactly how and when profits emerge. Still fewer realise that every industrial plant must produce a certain percentage of its output at a loss.

There is a widespread impression that in every successful plant every unit of output earns its own quota of profits. Nothing could be further from the truth.

In any given industry production must reach a certain point before profits emerge.

When profits come in

FOR example, in the mechanical pulp industry, a careful study discloses the interesting fact that if a mill is operating at an output which shows a profit, no matter how small, then 60 per cent. of the value of any increase in output obtainable is clear net profit.

In the cellulose industry the figure is 45 per cent.; in the textile industry 43 per cent.; and in the fine paper industry 40 per cent.

These are truly astonishing facts, indicating as they do, that increased production is by far the most important and the only rational method of improving industrial conditions. Reduction in labour and operation cost is relatively unimportant.

I know of no proposition in economics which should be more widely known than this. If the workers grasped it, they would realise more clearly the realities of the position, and if industrial executives thoroughly appreciated it they would get a clearer vision both of the goal to be reached and the path towards it.

From the economic proposition thus established an important result follows, for it gives us definite guidance both as to what should be done and what should not be done if prosperity is to be restored to our national industry.

What should be done by employers is clear. They should utilise the favourable opportunities which Great Britain provides and supply themselves with up-to-date equipment and plant.

What should not be done is equally clear. Nothing should be done that entices or induces industrialists to look elsewhere for their profits than to the maximum efficiency of their plants.

Their best safeguard against competition is the latest machinery and the most efficient processes which science puts at their disposal.

That up-to-date plant and equipment pays is manifest in the fact that where it is working in this country it is making a profit.

There are plants in Britain in the heavy steel industry, the most up-to-date plants in the world, that have been working night and day continuously since 1919.

On the other hand, there are industrial plants here in which the necessities of the industry are entirely overlooked.

Profits are distributed among the shareholders to the last penny. Development, research and modernisation are disregarded.

In consequence, the plant and the business fall behind, and the employer and the employees are faced with disaster.

You may see this condition even in industrial America, where there is less excuse than here for such grave and tragic errors. You may see there in one of the older States, a mill located in a valley, while on an adjacent hill is the ornate and pretentious mansion of the mill-owner.

The mansion was built out of profits and cost more than the mill. Half of the mansion's cost would have kept the mill equipped with modern machinery, capable of meeting new competition. The mill was starved to build the mansion. Both are now closed, and the industry has departed, never to return.

Had not certain industrial concerns in Britain been mulcted in the past to pay high dividends to shareholders, many of these concerns would not be in such dire straits to-day.

Such money was not really earned. It was profit that should have been reinvested in the industry to ensure its future development.

Losses explained

INDUSTRIAL plants that have been neglected in good times usually become absolutely hopeless when times are bad, which is just when their efficiency should be at its highest.

There can be no doubt that obsolete plants, or, at least, plants below the margin of modern efficiency, are one cause of the loss of competitive power in overseas markets.

Faced with the accumulated results of past negligence, industrialists look elsewhere for aid. That is one reason why we hear of many appeals to the Government for protective duties under the Safeguarding of Industries Act.

Industrial groups have no moral or other right to appeal to the Government for protection until those concerned have fully tested out their own ability to meet outside competition.

This can only be done by putting all plant, equipment and factories in an as up-to-date condition as possible. The workpeople also must be acquainted with the position, and asked to do everything they can to make their work effective.

New methods and markets should be carefully studied.

Then, and not till then, should the comparison with outside competition be made, and if it can be shown—honestly shown—that without Protection the position is hopeless an appeal would be justified.

At the present time, Government assistance to some plants in this country only means prolonging their life until their death becomes inevitable.

Some of these plants are already kept alive artificially and should be shut down at once. They are the result of the cardinal sin of being satisfied with present conditions and assuming that these conditions will continue.

What Sweden can do

BRITAIN'S future rests with the industrialists. If she does not compete in manufactured products, she will decline.

It is not flattering for a Britisher to find that in Sweden, a small and somewhat isolated country, a manufacturing firm with a limited domestic market, and having no subsidies, can manufacture goods, transport them across the Atlantic, jump over a high tariff wall and undersell the Americans in their own mass-production field.

Lower wages or lower standards of living cannot be expected to result in cheaper goods.

British standards of living have to improve and not deteriorate. We must look to more economic production by getting a greater amount of work per unit of labour and per unit of capital.

No one doubts our financial and marketing leadership, but there is a deficiency in our industrial engineering leadership. The importance of the industrial engineer is not yet recognised.

I wish to close this article with the same sentence as I began it—the restoration of Britain's industrial prosperity is not a political problem. It is an economic problem, and it can only be solved by economic methods. I am willing to concede that State-control and Safeguarding, if rightly applied, may be apt remedies for some of the outlying problems of to-day.

Safeguarding may even be necessary in some cases to tide over that period between a decision to make improvements in plant and the time when these improvements become productive.

But for the massive central problem of industrial depression there is only one remedy—industrial efficiency.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

THE STING IN HIS TAIL

A Call to Jix—The Police 'Scutcheon—They Need the Money—Economy—A Bitter "Dry"

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON HICKS,
The Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.

DEAR "JIX,"—A continued outcry is raised in the French Press denouncing the medical examination of young French girls when they arrive at English ports.

Repeated assertions are made that French women arriving at Newhaven are subject to indignities by inspectors, who desire to ascertain that they are not suffering from certain diseases.

I appeal to you to clear up this matter at once, and authoritatively. If there is a scandal, put your house in order.

If it is all "hot air," give the lie to sensational French journalism.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HORACE JOSLING,
Weston, Lullingfield, Shropshire.

MY DEAR JOSLING,—I am overjoyed that truth has prevailed and that, after years of mental anguish, uncomplainingly borne, your good name as an honourable police-officer is restored to you.

You denounced Goddard's corruptions. None believed you; and you were drummed out of the Metropolitan Police.

The rehabilitation of your public character does more to restore our confidence in the police than any amount of official whitewash.

JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT WILLIAMS, M.P.,
Under-Secretary, Board of Trade.

DEAR SIR,—I am credibly informed that several thousands of pounds a year are returned to the Board of Trade as unclaimed wages of seamen deserters, so called.

At any rate, in the period of April-December, last year, there was £4,138 unclaimed and placed in your hands.

You can be sure of one thing—this money is badly needed by the dependents of these seamen, wherever they are. Can't you take some steps to see that they get it?

You've been a bit of a sailor yourself in your time, so I am sure you will do the right thing—and quickly.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. H. JOHN,
Garth, Glamorgan.

DEAR JOHN,—The story of your heroism when the roof collapsed in a working of the Celtic Colliery thrills me.

Although injured yourself, you used your bruised body to protect young Ben Martin, your boy "mate," from further falls. While a rescue party dug him out you stifled your groans and whispered words of encouragement in his ear.

Thus have you added your name to the long roll of brave men whose courage has never flinched when disaster struck them in their dangerous calling underground. I am proud to be your fellow-countryman.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. CHARLES MILLER,
Burrowbridge, Somerset.

SIR,—At a price of £830 you have purchased the right to charge a toll of 3d. or 6d. on every vehicle which crosses the river at Burrowbridge during the next two years.

The toll bridge obstructs the main Taunton to Glastonbury road, and your bank balance will swell by a totally unreasonable imposition extracted from its users.

I wish Parliament would quickly pass an Act to abolish all tolls without compensation and render it quite impossible for anyone to make money out of obsolete and ridiculous Acts passed in the dark ages.

JOHN BULL.

To the NATIONAL COUNCIL of VETERINARY SURGEONS,
10, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

GENTLEMEN,—Your decision to promote a general system of free treatment for sick animals owned by poor people, does as much credit to your heads as your hearts.

The sooner disease is checked among the animals of the poor, the better it will be for the stock of the well-to-do.

In addition, it will be a humane thing if animals belonging to, say, small costers can receive treatment in the initial stages of illness. At present, through inability to pay for such treatment in time, many a poor trader is ordered to destroy his animal and is thus brought to ruin.

JOHN BULL.

HAROLD CALLOW,
Totton, Hampshire.

SIR,—You seem to be callow by name and callous by nature. When driving a lorry, you ran down a young cyclist, John Bramley.

At the inquest, to excuse yourself, you said, "I was frightened; I drove on and did not say anything about it."

Having left your victim dying by the roadside, I agree with the coroner that you were lucky to escape with nothing worse than his jury's censure when they returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

Better men have found themselves in jail for less. JOHN BULL.

Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS,
Secretary of State for War.

DEAR SIR LAMING,—To-day you present the annual Army Estimates to the Commons.

They show a "cut" of £500,000 on last year's figures.

I still look forward to the day when the maintenance of armaments will be unnecessary; but, while the defence of these coasts is still essential, I look to you to provide the maximum of shells with the minimum of "shell-out."

But even half a million loaf is better than no bread.

Convey my thanks to the responsible Brasshats of the War Office and tell them to do better next time.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. LORD HUGH CECIL,
21, Arlington Street, London, S.W.1.

DEAR LORD HUGH,—As the sting in the tail of the Conservative worm that turned against Mr. Churchill, and defeated his mean cheeseparing attempt to shirk the Government's pledged undertaking towards Irish loyalists, I heartily applaud you.

After four and a half years of sheep-like huddling into whichever lobby the Whips indicated, Conservative M.P.s have at last told their leaders that they do possess minds and even wills of their own. A salutary lesson for honest Stanley and his complacent Cabinet.

Go on and revive the spirit of sturdy independence which was once the pride of private members of the Commons. JOHN BULL.

Mr. SCRYMGEOUR, M.P.,
2, Errol Terrace, Dundee.

DEAR SIR,—Your recent wail that "newspapers are mostly engaged in anything but an endeavour to uplift the people" is an echo of a silly old cant.

The British Press is cleaner, more healthy, and fairer than that of any other country. It even reports your speeches—sometimes.

As a Prohibitionist, perhaps you are sore that only one national paper—the *Observer*—rides the same hobby-horse. But this should not make you unfair and jaundiced in your views.

JOHN BULL.

NOT from 2LO—Major Leonard Darwin

The DESCENT of MAN

He hates his inferiors —but has he any?

They call me the Majah—
"The Majah" they call me;
Though Leonard's my first name,
It does not appal me.

My surname is "Darwin,"
And I am a son, sir,
Of Charles of that ilk, who,
Indeed, was a one, sir.

A brew scientific
My wise parent blended,
And proved that from monkeys
We all are descended.

I know there are people
Who cannot conceive it;
But take a look round you
And you'll soon believe it!

Order! Order! I didn't suggest that you should look in this direction, and I hope this highly scientific performance will not be marred by undignified personalities.

Some of you may have enjoyed the questionable advantage of hearing the views I expressed at the annual dinner of the Eugenics Society, when I urged that the fertility of the inefficient must be reduced.

But for the benefit of those who did not have the privilege of breaking bread and swopping limericks with Dean Inge and myself at that swell repast I will define my position:—

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham!
My object all sublime is to improve the human race
And make the world—for me, at least—a much more pleasant place.

I'm keen on larger families, if of the proper kind—
The cultivated classes are a type I do not mind—
But if the lowah ordahs keep on breeding as they do,
What will become of educated coves like me and you?

In other words, if we are to have racial improvement, the inferior classes must not multiply faster than the superior. Owing to the way they are now pampered by the State and educated at the expense of their betters, an average of about 2,000,000 persons pass every three years from what I call "the less cultured and worse-paid half of the community" into the ranks of the other half.

This absorption, as I have pointed out, must be very damaging to the nation.

What's that? You ask "Why." Well, hang it all—er—I mean to say, unless we have a reasonable number of inferiors how are we going to feel superior?

Unless the bottom dogs are kept in their proper places, what is to become of the big bow-wows? And so:—

For their sake, not to mention mine, we need to put a check
On their misguided habits, or the world will come to wreck.
Therefore it's my opinion that the only proper course is
To try to make a better "race" by "scratching" half the horses!

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

MR. H. GREENFIELD: "If you want to sell goods they must be shown where they can be seen."

And be such as to meet the needs of people able to earn money to spend.

MR. CHARLES CARPENTER: "Coal carbonisation is no longer a guess but a science."

Then why don't we do more with it?

JUDGE CLUER: "We are all suffering from absolute lack of sufficient income."

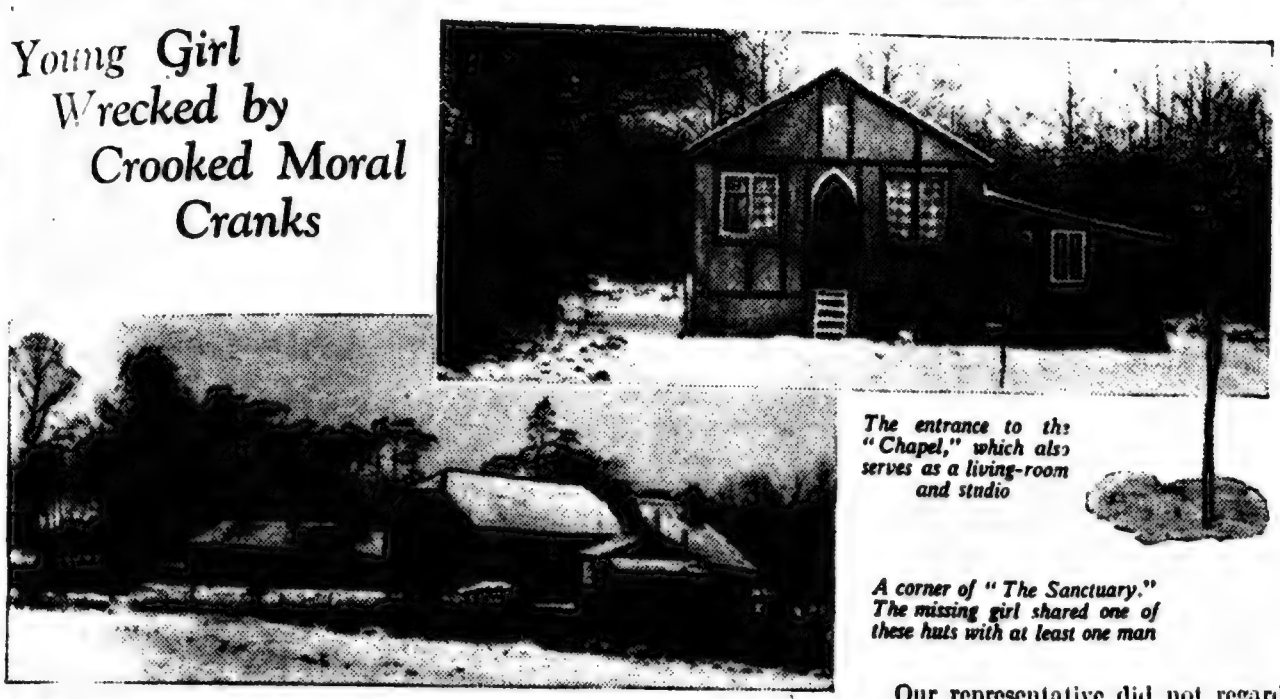
Which a bit more business sense in the nation would speedily cure.

LORD RONALDSHAY: "Such wealth as Bengal possesses is due to the great investment of British capital and enterprise in the province."

While such poverty as the British Isles find distressing is due to the non-investment of British capital and enterprise.

STRANGE SIDELIGHTS on a WOODLAND COLONY

Young Girl Wrecked by Crooked Moral Cranks



The entrance to the "Chapel," which also serves as a living-room and studio

A corner of "The Sanctuary." The missing girl shared one of these huts with at least one man

Mrs. Denis-Earle, founder of "The Sanctuary"

WHEN a young girl was recently charged at Worthing with robbing her employer, it was stated she had run away from her home in Kensington, London, W., and had fallen in with undesirable associates at "The Sanctuary," a queer simple-life settlement at Storrington, on the Sussex Downs.

Well educated and refined, the girl was on the threshold of a promising career when she left home.

As the charge against the girl was made mainly for the purpose of bringing her to her senses, the magistrates bound her over for two years, making it a condition that she was not to visit "The Sanctuary," or associate with the people there, during that time.

What, then, is this place? Buried away in the heart of thickly-wooded country, "The Sanctuary" consists of a kind of private village where all may enter freely, be they black or white, atheist or Christian.

The buildings there, which consist mostly of wooden huts, are painted in futuristic colours and designs, and there is a wooden playhouse, a crudely-constructed chapel and a general stores.

The settlement was founded by Mrs. Denis-Earle, who is better known as Miss Vera Pragnell.

No moral restrictions

[illegible] asks no questions from visitors, imposes no rules upon them, and [illegible] a strict dislike for moral restrictions of any kind.

Feeling it desirable in the public interest to elicit some explanation from the founder herself, we despatched a representative to Storrington for that purpose.

[illegible] he unearthed Mrs. Denis-Earle in a cottage which serves as "clubhouse," chapel, living quarters and studio, he discovered a notice [illegible] all to be reverent to the Almighty, to make as little sound as possible, and to observe the sacredness of the chapel precincts.

Bursts of laughter rang out, however, as he knocked on the chapel door, and Mrs. Earle, an attractive woman with Titian hair, and cigaretto in mouth, emerged.

It seemed that she whose notices enjoined reverence was paying little or no regard to them herself!

In the same way, she seemed little concerned by the tragic story of the London girl.

"Until I read the case in the local paper I knew nothing either of her or of the friend who brought her here," was her emphatic assertion.

That explanation would not do, however, and our representative asked her if she was aware that the girl had not only been staying at "The Sanctuary" for several days, but had been sharing a hut with at least one man.

The girl's visit

Mrs. Earle smiled broadly, talked about being the most unconventional person at "The Sanctuary," and admitted that, subsequent to the police court case, she had discovered that the girl *had* been there, and *had* been "resting" in one of the male guest's huts at night.

"Being accused of abduction," she added, "has tickled us all to death here."

Our representative did not regard it as anything in the nature of a joke, and pointed out that, pinned to the notice-board outside the "chapel," was a typewritten document signed "N. D. Angier."

Surprising admission

Now, as Norman Angier was the person who had taken the girl to "The Sanctuary" from her London home, Mrs. Denis-Earle was asked how long he had been a member of the "colony."

Her answer was staggering, for she unblushingly admitted that Angier was not a registered member at all, but only a friend of somebody else who was!

Her lack of control, which enabled a perfect stranger to her to take a young girl to the hut of a friend, surely constitutes a scandal of the gravest character.

What type of woman is this, to be in charge of this unique community which somehow contrives to reconcile a semi-religious atmosphere with an avowed disregard of all moral convention?

We have in our possession a copy of an interesting book written by Mrs. Denis-Earle, called the "Story of the Sanctuary." In this she admits that amongst the guests at "The Sanctuary" there have been Roumanian, Spanish, Indian, Russian and German subjects—"Low be it spoken!" adds Mrs. Earle in parentheses, "a group of Communists!"

There is a reference in the book to a young man who spent a holiday at "The Sanctuary":—

"Would you awfully mind if I invited a friend to spend my last few days here, with me?" he shyly asked.

"The cottage is your very own till the end of the week," I replied.

"Would you be shocked if it was—*a girl?*"

"Good gracious, no!" laughed I.

This extract in itself gives a clear idea of Mrs. Denis-Earle's views upon morality. But the phraseology which follows, and which tells how the happy pair "explored the place without that hall-mark of insult the prying chaperone," is far too intimate for us to quote in detail.

The real truth

We hope that the experience of the Kensington girl will be a lesson to others. For some time her mother had been anxious about her.

Originally, two years ago, when the first period of anxiety came, the mother found the girl was reading unsavoury books. Enquiry revealed that these books were lent to her by a person who introduced her to Norman Angier.

That the latter was planning all the while to take this girl to "The Sanctuary" is clear from her diary. Here are one or two entries:—

"Norman thinks you had better go with him to Storrington," said Ann. I looked at him and Norman replied, 'Storrington is right off the beaten track. Officially I go back on Wednesday, and Ann, of course, will swear that I did so. I could then meet you on Thursday and take you down on the bike.'"

A grave menace

The state of the girl's mind while these negotiations were pending is indicated by another entry:

"I went to bed soon afterwards and tossed and wondered far into the night, I was rather afraid that after accepting Ann's help . . . I might go back on my word."

And another:

"In the end it was decided to meet Norman at Kew at 10 a.m. on Thursday, from where we proceed to Storrington."

What happened after that fateful meeting we have already told.

Clearly a settlement of this kind constitutes a grave menace, and it now remains for the authorities to take action to prevent a repetition of the tragedy of the Kensington girl.

A SORRY SHOW-CARD SERVICE

Another Postal Training School

CAN you read and write? You can? Then, according to Mr. E. Griffiths, of Hitchin, Herts, there is no reason why you should not earn an easy £2 a week for life. In fact, if you work hard enough, the £2 may grow to £6.

Age or sex is no barrier, and no previous experience is necessary.

The secret is show-card writing. According to the British Show-Card Service, of which Mr. Griffiths is managing director, it is a marvellous solution to the unemployment problem.

It is all so very simple when you know how, and Mr. Griffiths is anxious to teach you how for £5.

Students are assured that once they have become proficient they will be supplied with a steady stream of work, to be paid for weekly.

Such, however, has not been the experience of a resident of Skegly Forest, near Mansfield, Notts.

Having paid his last instalment, his lessons suddenly ceased. He had had sixteen, and he was anxiously looking forward to completing the remainder and earning a little money.

But he has not even received a reply to his letters.

Again, a Preston reader has forwarded to us for perusal a sample of his lessons and exercises as a student.

Lesson No. 4, in which he had laboriously copied out letters of the alphabet on pieces of paper, with the aid of ink and brush supplied to him, suggests to us that it will be a long time, if ever, before he earns twopence a week for life, let alone £2, by writing show-cards.

His registered number is well over the 2,000 mark, and if this may be accepted as an indication of the number of pupils receiving tuition from the British Show Card Service, which only came into existence about eight months ago, Mr. Griffiths and his associates must be doing exceedingly well.

We have received other complaints, and we have no hesitation in advising readers who have no definite leanings towards the skilled art of show-card writing to be wary of parting with their money.

A CARNIVAL NIGHT MYSTERY

A Man who Vanished

The Town Hall and Police Headquarters at Antwerp, where records have been searched in a vain attempt to solve the mystery of Charlie Atkin.

WHERE is Charlie Atkin, late of the good ship *Lesrix* of Hull?

It was carnival day, and the city of Antwerp was steeped in frivolity, when he stepped ashore on leave at the Belgian port, never to be seen again.

Atkin simply disappeared. He drifted apart from his pals in the confetti-strewn streets. Jolly as he was, he was sober, and there was money in his pockets.

He had arranged to spend the night at a respectable café where he was well known.

What mysterious tragedy, then, lurks behind the riddle of his dramatic disappearance?

He is not by any means the first seaman to encounter such a fate in Antwerp, and JOHN BULL has already called for an exhaustive investigation of such mysteries.

It was on a Saturday that the drama was enacted. Atkin, who was an able seaman aboard the s.s. *Lesrix*, owned by Messrs. Robert Rix and Sons, of Hull, went ashore with a party of companions at about 6 p.m.

He was in high spirits and was keenly anticipating the delights of a Continental carnival.

Apparently it was no uncommon occurrence for members of the ship's company to remain in Antwerp over the Sunday, and the captain of the *Lesrix* was certain that Atkin, who was a steady, sober and reliable man, would make his appearance on the Monday.

Captain's vain efforts

This he failed to do, and the captain, before sailing, drafted a detailed description of him and posted it to the British Consul at Antwerp.

After the *Lesrix* reached England, Atkin was formally entered as a deserter, and his personal effects were transferred from the ship to the proper authority.

When the *Lesrix* again docked at Antwerp, however, the captain left no stone unturned in his search for the missing man.

He visited four police stations and inspected the photographs of bodies that had been picked up. None of them, however, proved to be that of Atkin.

He also scrutinised the entry books of the hospitals, but not the slightest clue to Atkin's fate could be found.

There was, however, a rumour to the effect that he had been seen at 4 a.m. on the Sunday morning, engaged in an altercation with a man who was thought to be an Arab, but of this there was not the slightest confirmation.

All that was definitely established was that he left the "Bull and Bush Café," where he had frequently stayed, at about 10 p.m. on the fateful Saturday night. He was then perfectly sober and normal, and he mentioned that he would return later.

That was the last that was seen or heard of him.

It was weeks before his parents heard—and then quite casually from one of his comrades—of their son's disappearance. They immediately communicated with the police, the owners of the *Lesrix*, the Records Office and other departments, all without avail.

Stubborn hope

All this happened two years ago, in February, 1927, and his sorrowing mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Atkin, of 31, Albert Street, Spalding, have not yet given up hope. In fact, they are convinced that their son is still alive.

They were more than ever convinced of this when they read in JOHN BULL recently our alarming disclosures regarding the fate of stranded British sailors in Belgium.

We revealed how seamen who have either been robbed of their money—as they invariably are—or who have spent it all while in quest of work, have been literally snatched off the streets and charged with being vagrants.

The missing sailor

They are then clapped into a so-called Labour Colony at Wortel, where they are compelled to earn their release by the sweat of their brows.

There is iron, jail-like discipline, the food is appalling and the pay is as little as threepence a day.

If a relation or friend does not come to their assistance, it is months before the imprisoned seamen have earned the £5 necessary for repatriation.

Mr. and Mrs. Atkin were perturbed to learn that among the Britishers there was a man who was driven almost insane, who spoke German fluently and who had a knowledge of Australia.

Their son, they say, was a good German scholar and it is likely, after his travels there, that he would refer to Australia.

It is a slender hope, but the hope is there.

Or Atkin may have met his fate in Antwerp itself, where British seamen are deliberately tricked into visiting haunts of vice.

Many are drugged, and left half-naked in a side-street afterwards. Some, who have been troublesome, have even been dropped discreetly into the sea. All have been robbed.

Apathetic authorities

Dead or alive, Atkin should have been accounted for by the authorities.

It is dreadful to reflect that a British sailor can disappear in this manner in a foreign port without any satisfactory explanation ever being forthcoming.

When will the authorities investigate this scandal?

Cure for the Doldrums

A Nice Fat Cheque

If you have cross words with the wife you are sure to get the worst of it. Try your skill at Crosswords with JOHN BULL and you may quite likely walk away with a cheque for £500

The JOHN BULL Square and Fair Crossword which you will find on page 4 is something quite novel—a Crossword with an equal opportunity for every reader.

Each competitor may send in only one double-entry form, and you get two attempts for sixpence.

Try your skill this week!

STICKY TRADING STAMP SCHEME

SOME time ago a Mr. George Creasey answered an advertisement in the *Sheffield Telegraph* calling for a partner able to invest £50.

He got in touch with a Mr. James Thompson Law, of the Retail Traders' Association, Winchester House, Firgate, Sheffield, who propounded a scheme of trading stamps whereby they should sell vouchers at 10s. a thousand to shopkeepers, who in their turn would give their customers a stamp with each fourpenny purchase.

The said customers were to redeem the stamps for 3s. when their books were filled, while the shopkeepers would recover this sum from the firm.

Mr. Law was so enthusiastic that he persuaded our reader to invest £50 in the undertaking.

Unfulfilled promise

Unfortunately for the investor, the scheme did not pan out as well as Mr. Law stated it would, and after disappointing efforts at creating trade, our reader consulted a solicitor with a view to recovering his deposit.

On May 31, 1928, Mr. Law promised faithfully in the solicitor's office that he would refund his £50 investment within fourteen days, but the investor is still waiting to see the colour of his money.

Having disposed of one partner by specious promises, Law proceeded to advertise again, and a little later received another £50 for a partnership.

This partner very soon had his eyes opened. He signed the partnership agreement undertaking to commence operations on a certain date, but before the appointed day arrived he had the wisdom to pursue certain investigations, as a result of which he served Law with a notice of dissolution of partnership.

Impressive new move

Law then agreed that the money should be refunded in a month. But this second partner is also waiting for his cash!

Mr. Law's next move was to make the Retail Traders' Association into a limited company and it was duly registered with a capital of £500 divided into £1 shares. The offices of this company were at 131, Norfolk Street, Sheffield.

Impressive notepaper was printed and Mr. Law again followed his former method of getting money and advertised for investors.

In due course he obtained £50 from a Mr. Wareham, who bought a "book" covering Sheffield and district.

His utmost efforts could not bring him in a salary of more than one guinea a week, and after giving the proposition a fair trial he also had consulted a firm of solicitors, who threatened legal proceedings unless an immediate settlement was arrived at.

No comment is needed concerning the financial standing of a company whose best offer is the payment of £1 a week, which is actually what happened in this case, but here again, beyond the promises of Mr. Law which are as tangible as the proverbial pie-crust, nothing has happened and another victim has been left whistling for his money.

Mr. G. Creasey

In addition to these investor dupes there are a number of shopkeepers who have believed in the Retail Traders' Association, Ltd., and who have been unable to obtain reimbursement from the firm for the money they have paid out as bonuses to their customers.

In these circumstances most people will agree that Mr. Law should be outlawed!

BANKRUPT'S CASINO PLUNGES

while his creditors wait at home

Mr. Registrar Mellor, before whom Pyke appeared in his last bankruptcy

The Casino at Cannes, where Pyke won £800. He didn't tell his creditors!

MEET Montague Alexander Pyke—the ace of bankrupts! He lives at Burlington Mansions, Piccadilly, and he doesn't care who knows it.

He is described as of "independent means," but it would be more accurate to term him a "professional bankrupt."

His liabilities in five bankruptcies total £14,000, while the assets recovered only reach £300.

But the fact that he is an undischarged bankrupt has not deterred this enterprising Piccadilly gentleman from becoming the director of various concerns, or from his promoting activities.

Among other ventures, he has dabbled in the conversion of West End property, the sale of imitation pearls, a florist's business and a greyhound racing track.

Apparently he himself had little reason to regret his "flutters," despite what they may have cost other people.

A twice-recorded bill of sale on his personal property proves that he had 20 suits of clothes, 7 overcoats and 22 pairs of boots and shoes.

In fact, during the last bankruptcy hearing he appeared each day in a fresh suit of clothes!

He is partial to a Continental holiday occasionally, and he has frequently been accustomed to living at the rate of £1,500 a year.

Among other concerns for which Pyke was responsible was the Virginia Park (Caerphilly) Greyhound Racecourse, Ltd., of which he was the manager, holding as a qualification one share only, valued at £1.

While the nominal capital of this concern was £30,000, nothing more than £10,000 was subscribed in cash.

It was formed with the object of converting a piece of land known as the Virginia Park Athletic Ground, in Caerphilly, Glamorganshire, into a greyhound racing track.

A week or two before floating this concern, Pyke formed and duly registered another company known as the British and Continental Development Co., Ltd., the capital of which was £1,000. In this also he was a director, holding one share.

Of the two transactions for which this concern was responsible, the first was the purchase of the piece of land referred to above for the sum of £7,000.

And, within a month, Pyke arranged its re-sale to the Virginia Park Greyhound Racecourse, Ltd., for £10,000, thus having made a clear profit of £3,000.

And for his services the last-named firm paid him £20 a week!

A year or two ago, while still recovering from his fourth bankruptcy, he managed the sale of shares to the value of £25,000 in connection with a certain Haymarket property, the commission he received amounting to £2,800.

With a callous and impudent disregard for the claims of his creditors, he packed his bags and went for a holiday in the Mediterranean.

Gambling gains

In company with a prosperous gentleman named Mr. M. J. Goldman, with whom he became acquainted, he proceeded to Cannes, where he was a guest at the latter's villa.

While in Cannes, Pyke visited the Casino, and although on one occasion he cleared an easy £800, he gave no thought to his creditors.

Without doubt, Mr. Goldman now regrets his intimacy with Pyke, for, despite the fact that he supplied the bankrupt liberally with money, Pyke displayed his gratitude to his host by suing him in the High Court.

Pyke contended that Mr. Goldman owed him £1,000 as commission on certain profits made by purchasing shares according to his advice, but Mr. Justice Shearman decided that there was no case for Mr. Goldman to answer.

Nevertheless, the unfortunate man was saddled with over £2,000 in costs.

His latest venture

Of Pyke's recent company-promoting ventures, we might mention a concern known as Eileen et Cie, Ltd., which, like many others, was born within the walls of Ulster Chambers, Regent Street, W.1.

This, with the object of carrying on a business as horticulturists and fruit and vegetable dealers, had a nominal capital of £5,000.

Although he himself had, as usual, only one share, a mortgage of £500 was secured soon afterwards, and a few months later the company went into liquidation with heavy liabilities.

Nothing seems to curb Montague Alexander Pyke, for only recently he announced his intention of floating a gramophone company, and attempting to raise a capital of £100,000.

Is he to go on for ever in this impudent fashion, living on the fat of the land at the expense of others?

"DIDDLE and SKIP"

A self-help "Service"

IT is much easier to raise 2s. 6d. than £50, but eight half-crowns still make a £1, and it is the knowledge of this simple fact that is making a lot of money for the Dominion Advertising Service.

The D.A.S.—which might easily stand for Diddle and Skip—believes in small money but a lot of it, and its *modus operandi* is delightfully simple.

A small box-number advertisement, usually in one of the Northern daily papers, announces a vacancy for two porters and a waiter at a hotel in Southport.

We have had at least a dozen letters from people who have answered such advertisements, and each received a reply from the Dominion Advertising Service, Queen Anne's Chambers, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

This address was crossed out from the letter-head and Lisle Street, London, W.C.2, substituted.

The catch was very simple. Each individual applicant was told that he had been allotted the vacancy and that a registration fee of 2s. 6d. should be posted forthwith.

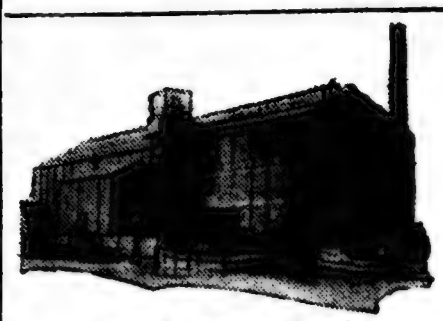
However, when the half-crowns were sent off the Diddle and Skip agency discovered that the management of the hotel in Southport required a "fidelity bond" of £50 as the position was one of trust.

Would applicants please forward the £50 at once?

Not unnaturally, the various would-be waiters and porters could not find so they wrote to the D.A.S. asking for the return of their half-crowns.

It may safely be presumed that these half-crowns have found a permanent home, which is more than can be said for the Dominion Advertising Service.

It is not even registered at Somerset House, and both its London offices were accommodation addresses.



One of the sugar-beet factories on the banks of the Ouse

The Riddle of DEAD FISH RIVER

THE river Ouse is poisoned, and for a period of years there has been agitation levied against both the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries and the Ministry of Health in a, so far, futile effort to protect those residents who have to rely upon the river water for drinking purposes.

The fish—bream, roach, pike, perch and eels—are being systematically slaughtered. There are days when their dead and dying bodies float on the surface.

A *post-mortem* on several of the casualties has revealed the fact that a furry substance has grown in their gills.

So serious has the matter become, that Mr. A. E. Meadows, of the Ouse and Cam Fishing Board and Water Bailiff to the Ouse and its tributaries, is on the point of resigning.

He, with many others, is of the opinion that the root of the trouble is the sugar-beet factories.

It is conjectured that the discharge of water used in the manufacturing places is responsible for the pollution of the river.

The largest sugar-beet factory in the country is situate at Adelaide, on the river Ouse, a mile and a half below Ely.

Another sugar-beet factory is situated on the river Lark, which flows into the Ouse three miles below Ely.

A third sugar-beet factory is on the river Wissey, which joins the Ouse eleven miles below Ely.

Conflicting opinions

Officials of these factories contend that there is no proof that the pollution of the river is caused by the water which is used in their process of making sugar out of beet.

There is, however, the indisputable fact that not even the oldest of the natives of these parts can ever remember seeing shoals of dead fish in the river until these factories were erected.

Moreover, when the manufacturing campaign ends in the middle of January, there are no dead fish to be seen until operations are recommenced in the following autumn.

Again, it is an established fact that gudgeon are a fish which thrive on sewage and poisonous matter. Before the factories were opened there were no gudgeon in the river. Now it swarms with them.

Sinister analysis

So far back as in 1926 the Ely Rural District Council felt constrained to publish a public warning that the river water at Littleport, five miles down river to Ely, was polluted and unfit for drinking purposes.

An analysis had revealed "organic" pollution" and pollution by "sewage matter."

We might mention that in the outlying districts of Littleport there is no fresh water supply, and when there is no rain the residents are dependent upon the river.

The responsible Ministries must act. The cause of the river poisoning, whatever it is, must be ascertained and a satisfactory remedy applied without delay.

is NERVE STARVATION Wrecking your life?

NATURE'S — Depression, Debility, Anæmia,
URGENT — Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia,
WARNING — Brain Fag, Exhaustion, Fear,
Mental Worry, Mind Wandering, etc.

7 Days' Trial of the Wonderful MULLER NUTRIENT *and* Free Remarkable 64-Page Illustrated Book

NOWADAYS every man and woman needs every available ounce of mental and physical energy to stand up against the stress and strain of modern life. Everywhere tired, starved, over-worked nerves are crying out for succour!

Even the most nourishing of ordinary food fails to supply the system with the energy it needs to replace the deadly wear and tear that is always going on. *Something more* is wanted—and that "something" is supplied in the most convenient and assimilable form by that wonderful preparation known as Dr. Muller's Nutrient.

Nothing short of marvellous are the results of taking this world-famous nerve-building food. The weak and ailing become strong; the tired and world-weary regain their buoyancy of mind and body; the prematurely aged are given a new lease of life.

What the Muller Nerve Nutrient is.

The Muller Nerve Nutrient is a Food for the Nerves. It is not a drug, stimulant, or sedative. It does not "dope" the nerves and brain. Drugs or stimulants may whip the exhausted cells into a passing activity, but when their potency has gone, there is a relapse—with despondency—want of concentration and mental sluggishness. With each stimulation the reaction is more pronounced—every doctor knows this. The Muller Nutrient is "eaten"—*i.e.*, masticated like meat—thus it feeds and builds up the nerves as ordinary food makes good the wear and tear of the muscles and other constituent parts of the body.

This is the logical way to meet the nervous tension of to-day and to save your nerves from collapse. Nerve cells must have food that not only contains the elements essential for their reconstruction but in a readily, easily and quickly assimilable form. Such a Food is the MULLER NERVE NUTRIENT, which is the first, last and always a special food for upbuilding of strong and sound nerve tissues.

The dynamo of the body is the nervous system from whence comes all power. If the nervous system suffers, the whole body suffers. If the nervous system is restored, the whole body is revitalised with renewed health, strength and a keener enjoyment of life. All who are troubled with any degree of nervous exhaustion may take the Muller Nutrient with the full confidence that it will give them a mental force and buoyancy of spirits hitherto unknown.

Special Free Gift Distribution.

The MULLER NERVE NUTRIENT has been adopted as a recuperative Nerve Food by thousands of people in all parts of the world. Personal recommendation from one to another has played a great part in the present and ever-growing demand for its use. One Tablet well masticated after each of the three principal daily meals enriches ordinary food with the rarer elements required to keep the nerves and brain fit to cope with the greater demands made upon their powers to-day.

A personal test, therefore, will prove to the satisfaction of every reader of "John Bull," the simple and inexpensive MULLER NUTRIENT way of building up the nerves. All sufferers from "Nerve trouble" are invited to send the coupon below for a 7 days' trial supply and 64 pp. illustrated book FREE. Send 3 stamps to cover postage and packing.

Send the coupon below—at ONCE! It will bring you a 7 days' Free Trial Supply of the Muller Nutrient and a free presentation copy of Dr. Muller's Illustrated Book "The Way to Health" (published 1/-) Free, which reveals to you the secrets of the wonderful working of the Nervous System. Seize this opportunity and

Test it FREE

The Muller Nutrient is stocked by all Chemists throughout the country.

POST THIS COUPON NOW.

To 556 The Muller Laboratories, Ltd.,
Scientific Food Specialists,
37, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, London, W.1.

Sirs, I accept your Free Trial offer of a 7 days' supply of the Muller Nutrient and your presentation copy of 64-page Illustrated Book. I enclose 3 stamps to cover postage and packing.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J. B.

MULLER NERVE NUTRIENT

Don't Be a BABY, AUSTEN!

by A. G. GARDINER

I WAS listening placidly to the news from the wireless the other evening when I heard what sounded like a smack in the face.

The face was that of Sir Esme Howard, the British Ambassador in Washington. The hand that delivered the smack was that of Sir Austen Chamberlain.

I sat up in some astonishment, as though the smack was smarting on my own cheek.

Not that I was concerned for the feelings of Sir Esme Howard, though it is not pleasant to see a great public official snubbed before the world.

What did give me concern was the fact that that smack was not only being heard in a million homes in this country: it was being heard throughout the United States.

Innocent statement

The previous day Sir Esme had stated at Washington that the British Government had in view another conference to deal with the question of naval disarmament.

It was an innocent enough statement, which must be true and which everybody knows ought to be true.

But within a few hours a clumsy repudiation of the statement was issued from the Foreign Office. Sir Esme was rapped across the knuckles, and the world was told that the matter stood just where it did when Sir Austen spoke about it in the House of Commons on February 6.

It is only the latest of the blunders which we have bedevilled Anglo-American relations. When Coolidge summoned the Naval Conference at Geneva we helped to wet-blanket it by leaving our case in the hands of the Admirals, which was much as if a householder invited the burglar to open the window fastening for him.

When the Kellogg Pact was signed Sir Austen hum'd and ha'd, and held up the French in their niggling adherence to it, and held the proposal up while he carried on a lumbering correspondence with the Dominions.

Crazy agreement

And then, just at the moment when the Pact was being signed, there was disclosed to an astonished world the fact that Sir Austen had all the time been negotiating with France a crazy Anglo-French naval agreement.

The silly scheme fell to pieces like a house of cards at the first touch of criticism, but the poisonous effect of it remained.

Now, just as the atmosphere was warming again, comes this stupid snub, to the British Ambassador.

How long is this game of cross-purposes with America to go on? The question may be put in another way. How long is the foreign policy of this country to be mishandled by the most incompetent Foreign Minister we have had for generations?

It may be suggested, and is suggested in some quarters, that the fault is not with Sir Austen but with the Foreign Office and the Admiralty. I do not disagree with what is said on this head. Our whole Foreign Office system needs drastic reform.

Its methods are furtive and secret, and its spirit is entirely out of sympathy with the modern world.

If any news of what is being done behind the scenes leaks out, it is never through Parliament, but always from abroad.

Generally it is the Paris Press which "blows the gaff" as in the case of the Anglo-French pact. Not a soul in this country knew of that deal until the Paris newspapers told us.

What is the use of calling ourselves a self-governing people while the most vital issues of peace and war are being arranged behind the curtain by a little group of officials, appointed not openly by competition as other civil service officials are appointed, but by private nomination and influence?

Unknown men

What is the use of twenty million people rolling up to the polling booth when their destiny is being settled by a few men in Whitehall of whom they have never heard?

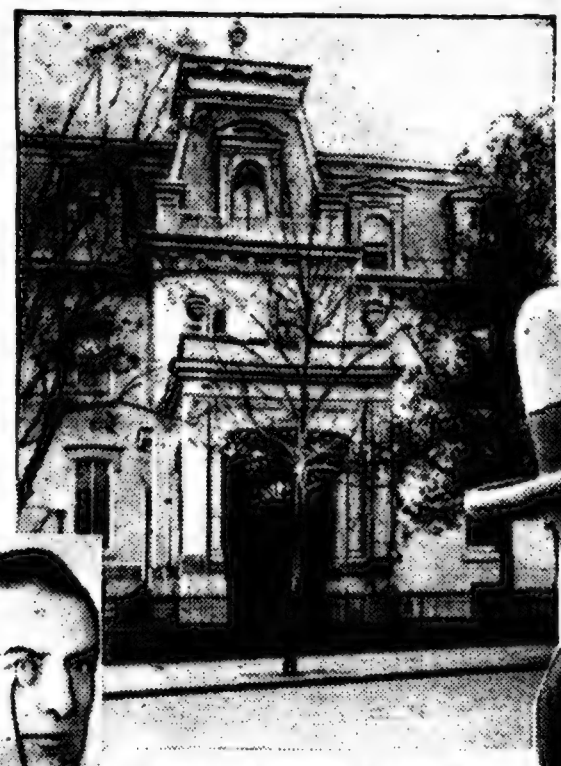
But while all that is said in criticism of the Foreign Office may be true, it is Sir Austen who must bear the responsibility.

He is not an official of the Foreign Office. He is the Parliamentary head of that department whose duty is to see that the Foreign Office is the servant and not the master of the nation.

Unfortunately, with all his excellent intentions, he is a weak man, and that most dangerous of weak men, a weak stubborn man. Being unable to dominate his department, he becomes its tool, and he assumes towards Parliament a Tom Lofty air of being above challenge or criticism or explanation.

With the exception of the Locarno settlement, his career at the Foreign Office has been a succession of grave blunders which have only been redeemed at the expense of discrediting the country.

He has made us the lackey of French policy, and in doing so has been mainly responsible on this side for the lamentable atmosphere that envelops our relations with the United States.



Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to U.S.A., whom Sir Austen has snubbed

The British Embassy at Washington

The Rt. Hon. Sir Austen Chamberlain has put his foot in it again!

President Hoover

I say "on this side," because there are plenty of malignant influences at work on the other side as well. We cannot control them, but we can and ought to control our own.

The greatest interest of the world is a good understanding with America, and that understanding can be reached if the spirit of our diplomacy is open and cordial and not embittered by such foolish affronts as the Anglo-French pact or the smack in the face to our own Ambassador to Washington, into which the American public read all sorts of unfriendly meanings which may not be there.

The sole handicap

There is only one obstacle to a thoroughly cordial understanding. It is the question of the sea. That question will never be settled while we leave our Admirals to wrangle about tonnage and guns.

It will only be settled when we realise that this is a question not for the experts but for the statesmen.

The difficulty is not with the peoples of the two countries. Both the English people and the American people want a settlement. The Dominions want a settlement. Canada wants it most of all, for a rupture between England and the United States would leave Canada between the devil and the deep sea.

Fresh air wanted

Nothing stands in the way but the lack of statesmanship, and the most urgent need of the future is the translation of Sir Austen Chamberlain to another place.

We want a current of fresh air let into the Foreign Office and a masterful and flexible mind, like that of Lord Cecil or Lord Reading, applied to this great problem.

The Subtlety of THE SUBSIDY

A SUBSIDY is a grant of public money made to certain selected industries—a Government "*Sub*"—without whose aid they would go bankrupt or subside.

The Right Hon. Walter Runciman, M.P., the biggest enemy of subsidies in Britain.

Such a complete change of view from the cocksure optimism which marked the days of our pre-war world supremacy needs an explanation.

In those days, what we could not make for ourselves, we allowed foreign nations to make for us.

We paid such foreign manufacturers with goods which we ourselves produced to advantage.

This plan worked well enough until the war dislocated all normal commercial exchange. "For the Duration" we went short of many imported essentials.

Nowadays, just in case there comes another war to end war, we have resolved to maintain certain key industries, whatever the cost.

Consequently, sugar was given a subsidy, estimated at twenty million pounds. Thus aided, we can, and do, produce some subsidised sugar.

The idea of the moment is to apply the subsidy scheme to agriculture. This would cost far more than a mere sugar subsidy; but the only alternative is Protection, which town voters, who are in the majority, will always turn down. They know that under Protection their food would cost them more.

Obviously, it is better that the Government should pay rather than the citizen. But realise, please, that there is ultimately little difference between the two processes.

Under Protection, the actual purchaser pays the tax or tariff. With a subsidy, every taxpayer pays, whether he buys or not.

But subsidies are popular with politicians, and Protection is not—because under a subsidy system no one can work out exactly how much he does pay.

But, perhaps, it is all a mere subterfuge.

ONLY 30 COUPONS

DOMINION

B.D.V.'s latest and greatest record

AFTER beating all Gift Scheme records, B.D.V. is now beating its own with this marvellous offer of 10-inch Double-sided Dominion Records for 30 Coupons! Far better records for *less than half the coupons asked in any other scheme!* Don't hesitate —

CHANGE TO

B.D.V

— TO-DAY

You must get the following—the Season's most sensational successes.

DADA, DADA,
(*Elsie Carlisle*)

SONNY BOY
(*Sam Lanin and his Troubadours*).

ALL BY YOURSELF IN THE MOONLIGHT
(*Midnight Serenaders*).

Also scores of others . . . . the most popular . . . . . the most haunting melodies of the day. All the latest foxtrots, waltzes, songs, orchestral selections. Send for complete list — get a new record once a fortnight—FREE.

GET THE NEW GIFT BOOK. 96 pages. Over 350 gifts. To suit all tastes. Worth 5 coupons. Write to day for *your* copy. Send coupons by registered post to Godfrey Phillips Ltd. (Gift Dept. JB) 112, Commercial St. London, E.1

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10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d.
Plain or Cork Tips.

Coupons also in every packet of B.D.V. Tobacco, 11d. per oz.

GUNS *Build* SLUMS!

Destroying Life Both Ways

by **E. ROFFE THOMPSON**

THAT amazing man Mr. H. G. Wells has done it again. Under the title of "The King Who Was a King" he has written a startling and provocative book that will cause endless discussion.

It is a novel and a film scenario in one—a serious contribution to what Mr. Wells calls "The Peace of the World."

I do not want to tell his story here. You can read it for yourselves. What I want to do is to tackle Mr. Wells on a statement that, for such a thinker, is rather incredible.

"Now the 'Peace of the World,'" he says, "when we come to think it over, is essentially a negative expression. In itself it means nothing except the absence of war. It is human life with war taken out of it."

Oh, Mr. Wells!

I am really surprised at Mr. Wells. I am astonished that such a brain could produce such a piece of sloppy thought. For I can imagine nothing less negative than the "Peace of the World" if humanity once set about organising it.

If you want to see what a positive and active thing it could be you should read another book, "How to Abolish the Slums," by E. D. Simon, ex-Lord Mayor of Manchester.

He states with conviction that if we would only set our minds to it we could abolish our slums in a generation. To my mind he proves his case. Why, then, is it not done?

Money! Always money! It would cost so many millions to clear away those festering stews where in miserable apologies for houses we vainly endeavour to breed and rear men and women into healthy citizens. We haven't got those millions. They are being poured away on battleships, on aeroplanes and submarines, on things like the Singapore dock and poison gas.

Rational spending

Yet if we would only set about spending money on peace instead of war there would be such feverish activity that within a few years we could look back and wonder how we could ever have thought we were a prosperous nation before!

If you don't live in a slum you can't possibly know how intolerable it can be. You can't imagine how horrible it is to be condemned to a foul atmosphere, to dark, damp rooms, to literal physical torture by day and night.

Let me quote from a recent report of the Scottish Board of Health:

"Damp was present everywhere, the walls and ceilings of a large number of houses being literally soaking.

"Everywhere we noticed an almost total lack of sanitation, conveniences being few, and for the most part being out of repair, and even in some cases sinking downstairs and even into the ground.

"Practically every property inspected was absolutely bug-ridden.

"The food itself will not keep owing to the damp and verminous condition of the holes in the walls in which it is kept.

"In addition to the insects mentioned we found evidences of a perfect menagerie of animal life, including lice, rats in great numbers, mice, cockroaches, snails and even toads.

"Can it be wondered that such places breed an unhealthy and discontented population?"

Surely that is a direct challenge to the conscience of the nation?

Surely the sweeping away of such plague-spots is work of which any patriot might be proud? And yet Mr. Wells says that the organisation of peace is a "negative" thing!

Despite all the advances of science, the death-rate of mothers in childbirth is still at the appalling rate of 4 in every 1,000. Mr. Neville Chamberlain says it is even slightly increasing.

Intense activity

Is not the bending of every endeavour to prevent such an appalling waste of life national work of the highest importance? Would not that be activity of the most intense kind? What is there "negative" about such things?

There are millions living in poverty,

A typical slum where peace can never prevail—

—a fact which Mr. H. G. Wells has overlooked in asserting that the 'peace of the world' means nothing except the absence of war

Mr. E. D. Simon says we could abolish the slums in a generation

a million and a half actually without work, hundreds of thousands insufficiently clad and ill-fed.

What is there "negative" about so reorganising Society that these primitive plague-spots are removed from our midst?

It calls urgently for the most intense activity that the nation has ever known!

Things like these are not merely national problems. They exist wherever man has built cities and drawn frontiers.

International problems

They are world problems calling for international effort and co-operation for their solution.

War and the feverish preparations for war is merely one of the evils from which the world is suffering. It happens to be the biggest and the most monstrous and the most expensive—but that is no reason why it should be allowed to overshadow the rest.

The organisation of world peace embraces far more than the mere abolition of war. Indeed, I firmly believe that the best way to abolish war is to abolish the other evils, some of which I have touched on.

The League of Nations does not get either the publicity or the credit it deserves for the way it is tackling human distress and misery in an international way.

It is a story in itself, but the point is that it is tackling it.

The nucleus of the only real organisation of the peace of the world is already there.

Crying for bread

If we would only concentrate our efforts on seeing that every family had a house that would enable it to bring up its children sound in mind and body it would be a big measure of much-needed activity.

The same could be said if we would set about making two blades of grass grow where only one grew before.

But there is so much more that is crying to be done.

There is so much more that must be accomplished in the world before any nation has a right to call itself civilised.

We need a reorganisation of society that will put human comfort and human happiness as its highest goal.

We must strive for a society that will scorn to see men and women shivering because they have rags for clothes, or children crying for the bread their fathers cannot earn.

We need a point of view that will regard dirt and disease and poverty as evils to be prevented as rigidly as the rabies.

Wealth that is wasted

We have a long way to go—but it is never too late to make a beginning—and we have hardly begun yet to think of human life in really human terms.

We cannot do it, we are told, because it would cost so much money. Yet we have untold wealth to waste on the purely negative preparations for war.

If we really tackled the job of making life worth living as we ought to tackle it there would never be any more war.

There couldn't be. There wouldn't be any money left for such useless stupidities!

The Human Machine

Mental Beavers!

DO you remember how, once upon a time, rude little boys used to shout "Beaver!" whenever they saw an unfortunate man with whiskers?

Whenever they saw a man with a really long beard they called him a "King Beaver" and were ruder still!

That was a passing phase, but there are lots of people walking about who would benefit by some such rudeness.

They are mental Beavers. Their minds have whiskers all over them.

They have no idea that yesterday is dead and gone. They don't know that their ideas belong to the year before last.

They are unaware that a large part of their brain has gone to sleep.

These are the people who run along in a groove, tied down by habit and routine.

They like the old-fashioned ways. They think that what was good enough for their grandfathers is good enough for them.

They believe they are fixed for life—and are painfully surprised when life's wheel suddenly turns over and jolts them off.

If you are a mental Beaver you are confusing success with laziness. You are deceiving yourself into the belief that to get on is the same thing as to petrify.

There is only one remedy—to wake up and stay awake. You must realise that each new day really is a new day, full of new ideas and new opportunities.

You must open your mind and become receptive.

There are no barbers' shops open for removing mental whiskers. It is a matter you must attend to yourself!

Meet Mrs. Rawlins!

BAD FOR THE LAMB

Starving MEN are HUNGRY—official!

Without Fear or Favour

by the Editor

WE cannot pretend to even a melancholy satisfaction in reading the Report just issued by the Ministry of Health on conditions in South Wales.

The Ministry sent its Chief General Inspector, Sir Arthur Lowry, and Mr. James Pearse, to study unemployment in the mining areas and its effect on the population.

The bureaucratic mind loves reports. Investigate, report—and file away! That, to the mind of the bureaucrat, represents a problem tackled and solved!

When we read this terrible Report we should, no doubt, have felt a self-satisfaction, for it says in outspoken language what we have been saying for years.

We didn't. We felt instead a bewilderment and a stupefaction at the spectacle of a Government that can look on at the rotting of a nation's manhood, and do nothing.

"The situation," say the authors of the Report, "is, we believe, without parallel in the modern history of the country. The nearest parallel is to be found in the cotton famine of 1862-4, but it is not a close one."

Listen to this: "Fresh milk was not seen by us except when supplied by a welfare clinic."

AND this: "Meat was seldom eaten except in very small amounts on Sundays, very often not more than a shillingsworth for the whole family."

And this: "Where unemployment has been prolonged and no other resources exist, unemployment benefit is not sufficient and still less is outdoor relief to pay the rent and provide clothing and necessaries for a household of any size after food has been paid for."

It is like reading of Germany during the blockade. Its only parallel is in the devastated areas during the war!

We ourselves have said it all again and again in an endeavour to make Mr. Baldwin honour the pledge of "a square deal for the miners" which he gave over the wireless at the end of the General Strike.

Will the scathing report of his own officials make his conscience work?

Will he and his Cabinet at last be made to realise that the only remedy is, as the Report says, to "do away with the burden of this idleness"?

Charity is not enough. It can do no more than alleviate the acutest distress, unless it be that to some small extent it can soothe the gnawings of consciences that have been too long asleep.

But there is no solution to poverty except work, no remedy for unemployment except employment. Trite perhaps—but tragically true.

An eyewitness of what is going on wrote the other day to a daily paper:

"It's enough to make you cry," she said, "to see manhood like that. Among the younger ones there may have been an occasional look of youth's reckless hope.

"The older ones, shivering in apologies for clothes, looking gaunt, cold and hungry, had in their eyes a tale that shames civilization.

"A tale that shames civilization!"

Have we no statesman who will rescue us from this shame before our name stinks in the nostrils of the whole world?

What good are the problematical benefits of De-rating—some time—to men and women and children who are starving now?

What good is the transference of a handful of men, often to the distress of men in other areas, going to do men and women and children who have not enough clothes to wear nor enough food to put into their stomachs?

WE want, as we have wanted for years, a nationally organised effort on the biggest possible scale.

If the Government goes out of office with this shame on its head it is not only doomed, but damned.

IN a recent article Lord Buckmaster has again drawn attention to the infamous state of our Divorce Laws.

It is a mystery why Parliament does not insist on the problem receiving attention.

Fettered and Damned

Surely the plight of thousands and thousands of miserable wives is at least of equal importance to a handful of "Irish Loyalists"?

Yet while the "Loyalists" can bring the Government to the edge of defeat by its own supporters, the bigger, more human and more urgent question of the reform of the Divorce Laws leaves Parliament unmoved.

The verdict of the Royal Commission still stands unchanged and unchallenged.

"SO far from such reforms as we recommend tending to lower the standard of morality and regard for the sanctity of the marriage tie, we consider that reform is necessary in the interests of morality as well as in the interest of justice and in the general interests of Society and the State."

It could hardly be put in stronger terms!

Lord Birkenhead, not so long ago, put the matter equally trenchantly: "The law of the land in this respect is becoming more and more at variance with the will of the people. And when this happens all kinds of undesirable and even dangerous results ensue."

No social observer, looking at modern life however casually, can fail to see these "undesirable and even dangerous results" already in being.

The fact that the Bishops have, with small justification, seats in the House of Lords is no reason at all for allowing them to outrage the conscience of the nation. One

The Cabinet could hardly do land or popular thing than tackle this idiotic suffers. nal action as its last contribution to a singularly vain and Parliament.

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The World's SECRET

Drying poppy juice in a Persian opium factory

THE ruthless relentless war waged between civilisation and the millionaire criminals who control the world's secret drug traffic, has reached a crisis. Each side strains its resources to carry the day; but neither can defeat its adversary.

Reflect that at least twelve times the quantity of deadly drugs necessary for the medical and scientific needs of mankind are annually manufactured and sold.

Each year thirty tons of morphia alone are handled by international dope smugglers—a sufficient quantity, mark you, to poison every man, woman, and child in the world.

Add to these tons of morphia, all the tons of heroin, of cocaine, and of similar noxious substances which are peddled from Piccadilly to Peru; include the huge quantities of opium, which are smuggled and smoked throughout the Orient, and you will begin to realise the magnitude of the dope evil which menaces the world.

The criminals who organise the world's illicit drug trade laugh at restrictions and difficulties. Their business is so tremendously profitable that expense is not counted in their calculations.

The bribing of a dozen foreign customs officials, or a journey across the world to deliver a minor consignment of dope, is all in the daily routine of their evil calling.

They take no heed of frontiers, creed, or race. All men may buy their poison—white, yellow, red, or black: one customer is as good as the next.

The most lurid chapters of sensational novelists, in fact, are shamed by the real life stories of the escapades by which dope smugglers drive their trade.

The go-between

Not long ago a Madame Statnigross, long notorious as a drug-trafficker, was arrested in Berlin at the request of the police of several nations.

When her papers were investigated, a safe filled with secret documents and correspondence relating to dope-smuggling was seized. It even contained the secret code by which messages are conveyed from one end of the world to the other between traffickers.

...sequence of this capture, ...de organisation for dope ... revealed.

...learned how Madame ...btained her wholesale ... drugs in France and ... through which countries

Sir Malcolm Delevigne watches the Dope Traffic for Great Britain at Geneva

she frequently travelled with her accomplice and "go-between," Helen Ruguvoi.

On her last journey she set out with two large wardrobe trunks, one of which was provided with hollow double-sides.

Packed with drugs, this trunk was brought to Paris, where Mme. Statnigross engaged a thirteen-years-old Russian boy, and sent him off to China with the "luggage."

Liberally supplied with ready money, this lad easily slipped through the Customs barriers on his long journey by distributing lavish tips to all Customs officers he encountered. He was never even suspected—for who would imagine that an innocent-looking Russian boy was the emissary of a world-wide dope-traffic organisation?

Death before arrest

An infamous British dope-pedlar was Richard Cadbury Butler, who when arrested in the West End of London some time ago was found to be carrying a pound tin of cocaine.

At his lodgings the police found twelve similar tins, as well as others of a smaller size.

Butler had obtained his dope from a German called Murhard, at Bonn, and had smuggled it into this country by means of a waterproof belt under his clothing.

When the German police heard of this episode, Murhard was watched. England, it was soon found, was not the only country to which he was exporting.

Vienna was his source of supply, and when the plot was exposed, his partner in crime in Austria, one Brancker, shot himself rather than face arrest.

A third powerful and cosmopolitan gang of drug pedlars of recent years were Kanako, a Japanese, and his associates, three Chinese, a Russian Jew, and a man named Ezra, who originally claimed to be an Englishman, but subsequently registered as a Spaniard.

These chartered a Japanese ship, and were soon bound for Genoa, where they took on board twenty-six cases of drugs consigned to Vladivostock.

From Genoa they sailed to Smyrna and Constantinople to add opium to their secret cargo.

The ship next appeared in the Far East, and at Chinese ports the dope was unloaded and distributed inland. There had never been any other destination in view.

Documents seized later have laid bare the whole plot, even down to the details of payments made for food when one of the gang was in jail.

Who are behind these adventurers?

There are only thirty drug factories in the world, distributed among seven different countries.

In Britain and in the United States of America their trade is strictly supervised and controlled, and there can be little, if any, leakage from them.

There remain Switzerland (the chief offender), Japan, Germany, Holland, and France, the output of whose drug factories has risen from 600 lb. to more than 4,400 lb. within the brief period of five years.

Basle is the centre from which the Swiss drug-traffickers operate. The most notorious firms among many are the trio, Burchhardt and Co., Hoffman la Roche, and Macdonald and Co.

Seized consignments

The "Mr. Macdonald" of the last-named concern is a mysterious and intriguing character.

He has the audacity to make regular appearances at the meetings of the League of Nations' Opium Committee, and watches the proceedings on behalf of the traffickers.

As Sir Malcolm Delevigne, the English delegate, has said: "We take it as a compliment that they should consider the League's activities sufficiently important to be followed so closely."

Three years ago Macdonald was actively engaged in drug trafficking all over the world. Consignments of drugs originating from him were seized at Havana.

At Hong Kong, seven cases declared to contain woollen goods were discovered to have inside them a hundred pounds of morphia in cubes.

A British disguise

At Singapore, sixty-three pounds of morphia were found in packages labelled "Carbolic acid." At Dairen, fifty-five pounds of morphia were seized.

All these drugs have been traced back to Macdonald, yet despite the size of these hauls the authorities reckoned that they only constituted about one-tenth of the whole.

Among German drug traffickers, perhaps the firm of Boehringer and Son is the most celebrated. Preferring the disguise of an English name, this concern largely operates from Shanghai.

Over eighty-eight pounds of morphia despatched by them from Czecho-Slovakia were seized within a period of six weeks.

The most sought-for and expensive drug in civilised lands, however, is not morphia, but cocaine, in which a thriving trade is driven all over the world.

Cocaine is manufactured from the leaves of the coca plant, which grows wild in the tropical highlands of South America, whence comes a goodly portion of the world's supply.

The main source, however, is Java, where the very hedges are rich with this plant.

The leaves, which are bulky in size, are dried, baled and sent off to Japan or to factories at Rotterdam and Haarlem, in Holland. Other quantities are forwarded to Switzerland and Germany.

Opium's G.H.Q.

In the Orient itself, the drug traffic concerns itself mainly with opium, for which there exists a brisk demand from the Levant to the remotest village of China.

The poppy is the raw material of opium, and from opium also are derived morphia and the allied drugs heroin and coedin.

The origin of almost all smuggled opium is Persia. In India, the crop is under Government control. China consumes as much as she grows, while the Balkan and Turkish crops, though not negligible, do not amount to a great deal, and are usually legally used.

The port of Bushire, in Persia, is a busy centre of opium smuggling. Vessels of every nationality, including those under the British flag, call there, and raw opium is shipped by the ton.

The favourite destinations are Vladivostock, Singapore, or East China ports. The "declared" destination, however, is almost invariably fictitious. Even the nationality of the ship conveying a consignment is liable to sudden change.

Chameleon ships

Here is a dramatic case in point.

The s.s. "Tai Tak" was once British. She was purchased by Newazi, the millionaire opium "middle-man" of Persia, but she continued to fly the British flag.

Later, she arrived at Bushire under the Chinese flag, and with her name changed to "Coloane," while later still, the original name of "Tai Tak" was resumed, and she arrived at Swatow under the Portuguese flag.

She has no Lloyd's or other registry number, and in two years she imported into China four shiploads of Persian opium, valued at four million dollars.

Another curious vessel originally appeared as the "Promethean," and as such carried twenty-five tons of opium to Vladivostock. Shortly afterwards a ship named "Hanan" was suspected of carrying drug cargoes. She bore a remarkable resemblance to the "Promethean."

Her skipper's signature was mistaken for the "Promethean's" master's, and in her cabin was a brass plate inscribed "Promethean." Nevertheless,

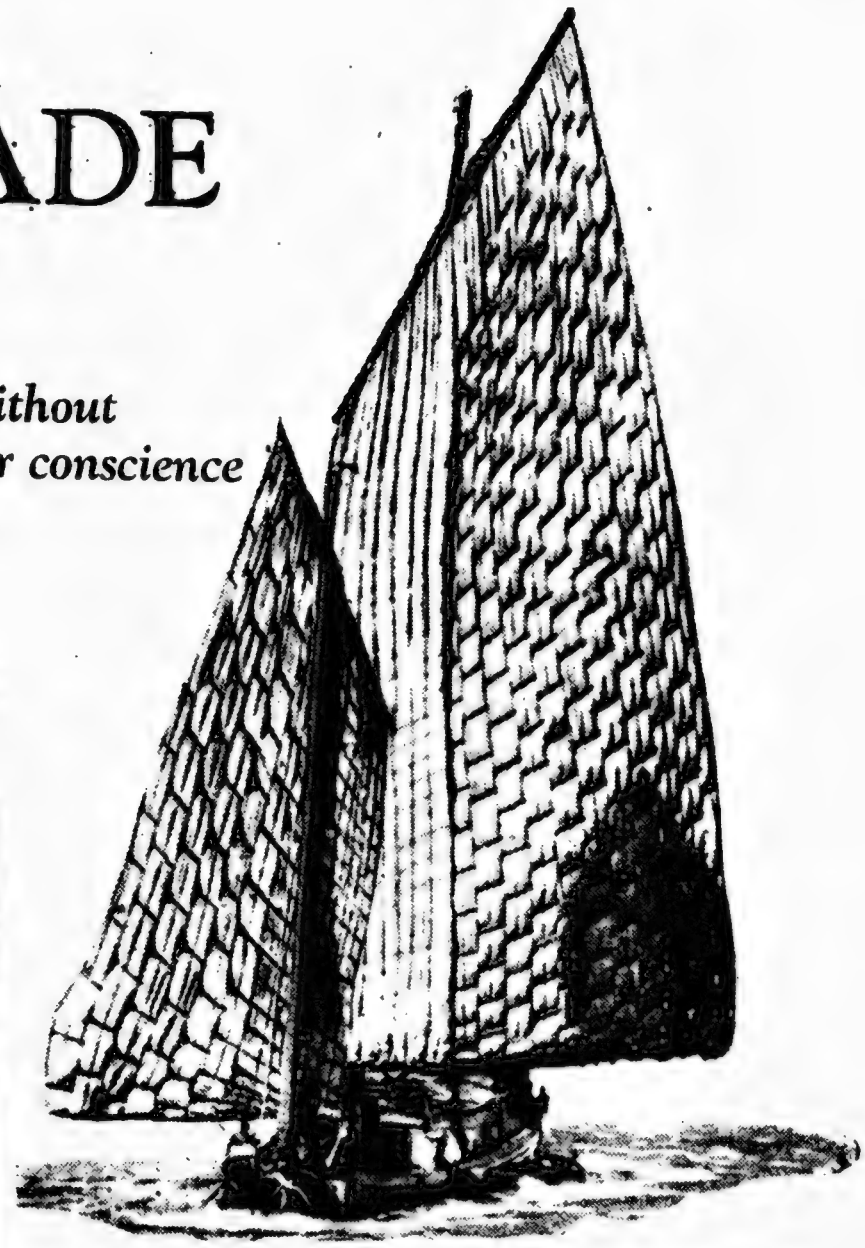
RET DRUG TRADE
Laid Bare

Magnates without country or conscience

"The opium poppy is the only crop which yields the peasant a decent living"

Brilliant Chang—late but unlamented — a Chinese dope smuggling pest who preyed on English girls

Debauched by opium—a Chinese addict slipping into drugged dreams



A picturesque junk of the China Seas bearing a contraband cargo of opium

the "Hanan's" skipper swore he had never even heard of a ship called the "Promethean" in all his blameless life. Odd—very odd; but a commonplace of the drug trade.

The transformation of one ship into another, complete with bogus papers, is well within the means of the tame forgers who are the indispensable accomplices of drug traffickers.

Without such forgers the trade would fail for lack of false passports, birth and marriage certificates, and spurious documents of all kinds to expedite the passage of dope from one country to another.

What is the remedy for this diabolical state of affairs? How can the world be rid of this evil?

Millions of men and women are being poisoned in body and soul. In America alone there is a tragic army of a million drug addicts.

The only solution to the problem is to limit production by international legislation.

The factories manufacture more than is necessary, because all that is manufactured can be sold.

The other day, at Geneva, it was pointed out that during 1927 one Basle firm exported 3,500 lb. of heroin to Holland alone—a quantity enough to satisfy the demand of the world's doctors for a year, or of Great Britain's for twelve years.

We are to blame!

Given a licence, it is possible for an agent to buy as large a quantity of drugs as is desired, and the laws governing the issue of licences differ so much in various countries that there is really no adequate control.

There are governments that make a big profit from dealing in drugs that go straight from their hands into the underworld. In this respect, the Portuguese government is a bad offender.

In our own Eastern possessions, it must be confessed we encourage the sale of opium to the native populations; but at home it is punishable with penal servitude. That is a two-faced attitude that must be destroyed.

Apart from governments, the big buyers are firms like Macdonald and Co. The League of Nations may black-list them, but, having no plant and no stock to lose, they merely disappear when things grow too warm for them.

Their names change, officials are bribed, and it is not long before another and equally extensive connection has been built up.

A fitting end

They despatch their illegal goods either as fake merchandise or through the post. Many hundreds of pounds of dope are circulated as "samples"—perfumery and the like.

The recipients of these consignments are the national distributors. The late, but not lamented, Brilliant Chang was one of these objectionable gentlemen whose headquarters were in this country.

He fell a victim to his own merchandise, became a drug addict himself, and eventually died in Paris, a miserable, poverty-stricken wreck.

Intermediate between the national distributors and the street pedlars who haunt the bars and night clubs of all great cities there comes the international traffickers in a small way.

Their smuggling methods are modestly designed to cope with quantities of a pound or two at a time. With false heels to their shoes, false crowns to their hats, and "dummy" handbags, they defy the Customs.

One of these rascals was enterprising enough to have a false dental plate made for him. In this he concealed enough cocaine to bring him in £60 a week from walking trips across the Franco-Swiss frontier outside Geneva—right under the very nose of the League of Nations.

It is impossible to limit the supplies of raw materials to the factories. The coca leaf grows wild, and opium-poppy cultivation is on a tremendous scale.

In Persia, for example, the transport of bulky crops is rendered almost impossible owing to the lack of roads and railways.

The opium-poppy is the only crop which yields the peasant a decent living. Therefore it is the poppy that he grows.

The only solution lies in the proper control of the factories, and it is to this conclusion that the League of Nations Committee has arrived.

The only way

Outputs must be limited strictly to the medicinal and scientific needs of the world. There must be no surplus, for in a surplus lies the menace.

Governments must be stricter. One laggard such as Switzerland or Portugal, and the whole world suffers.

Only by strong international action can the drug dragon be slain and humanity saved from itself.

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After lunch—Round the fireside—At the cinema or football match—Manikins give me more happiness and *satisfaction* than anything else I've ever struck.

Manikins are Smooth, Mild. Fragrant Smokes—There's enjoyment in every puff and every puff's a pleasure—and the price is pleasant also—10d. buys 5. Your Tobacconist, as he hands you out a packet, will know that you're a judge of the good things of life.

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"People passed . . . and presently a big, jolly, prosperous-looking man, walking at obvious danger to his limbs . . ."

The Story of a Man

by H. de Vere STACPOOLE

Illustrated by Gilbert Wilkinson

AN author encounters many stories in the realms of personal experience that outrival his most fantastic imaginings. For life is full of the strangest twists.

It is for that reason that some of the best real-life stories can never be told. Editors are even apt to strain at a fictional gnat, so they can hardly be expected to swallow an authentic camel.

Thus, in most cases, if he uses a true story at all, an author resorts to a toning down process. This I have done in presenting the story of Foran and Cointreau, though even now I marvel at the whirligig men call life . . . . .

* * *

FORAN had walked from Ferry Buildings up Market Street, past the Palace Hotel and as far as Lottas Fountain.

It was late afternoon and he had not eaten that day; he had twenty-five cents in his pocket, it was his last quarter dollar, but he had held off from spending it even on food, for it was also his last hold on the world, the only thing connecting him with the money that had once been his, the respectability that was his no longer.

Down and out—how easily we say it, and how little they understand it, those who have not known.

Unhappy? Not a bit! Foran was neither happy nor unhappy; he was not particularly hungry or envious of the wealth of San Francisco on all sides of him—he was dulled.

Tired of walking, tired of hunting for a job, tired of everything, pretty well, and in a condition of mind worse than unhappiness, which at least has some kick in it to make a man struggle and attempt to rise. That is what it is to be down and out.

You can judge of a man's position in life—in health and sanity—by his ambitions.

As he stood now, looking at Lottas Fountain and the policeman there on point duty, Foran's only present desire and ambition in life was to obtain a seat somewhere, sit down and smoke a cigarette.

He had half a packet of cigarettes in his pocket and a box of matches, and the garden of the St. Francis Hotel by Powell Street, which he had noticed earlier in the day, seemed a good place to sit down in. It was free to the public, and there were lots of seats.

He made for it, sat down on a seat opposite the centre plot with its statue of St. Francis, stretched his legs and lit a cigarette.

People passed, men crossing over from Powell Street to Geary Street, or making for the hotel; idlers, saunterers looking at the flowers, nursemaids, children, and presently a big, jolly, prosperous-looking man, walking at obvious danger to his limbs and possibly his life, for his left shoe lace was loose, with half a foot of lace only waiting to trip him.

FORAN stopped him and told him.

"By gosh, so it is!" said the man, and down he sat on the seat to tie it. Then he looked at Foran with an eye bright and keen, yet not unkindly.

He evidently summed up Foran and his position in the scheme of things at once, for after a few moments' talk he said, "What are you doing in 'Frisco?"

Then it all came out.

"Go on," said the big man, "I reckon you've given me time enough to listen to you, since that lace might have cut me short if you hadn't hailed me. First—What's brought you under like this?"

"Drink," said Foran.

"You don't look like that."

"Oh, I'm not a boozer," said Foran, "it's only that the stuff lays for me sometimes and flattens me out. When I don't touch it I don't wish for it, but if I give way to a friend asking me to have a glass I get jolly and then I lose all hold on myself—see?"

"Well, you've had your lesson," said

(Continued on page 24)

Betty!

Where are the Reckitt's Bath Cubes?

The bath isn't quite ready even when the water is in the bath. There's something else yet. You add to the water a Reckitt's Bath Cube. It might be magic. The water doesn't feel like the same water. It's softer. It's far more soothing and much more comforting. It seems to be gently drawing all the fatigue from your limbs and from your nerves. It is deliciously and delightfully fragrant. Have you discovered Reckitt's Bath Cubes yet?

Reckitt's Bath Cubes can be obtained at all Grocers, Stores, etc., at 2d. each or in dainty cartons of six for 1/-

A hot bath revives and restores because it improves the general circulation, frees the pores of the skin, and stimulates the nervous system.

When a Reckitt's Bath Cube is added to the bath water, all this good work, according to medical opinion, is done much better.

RECKITT'S Bath Cubes

Lavender, Lily of the Valley, Verbena & Essence of Flowers

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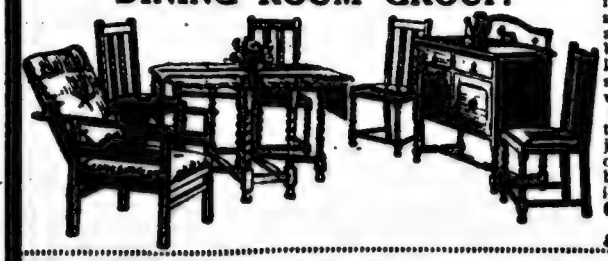
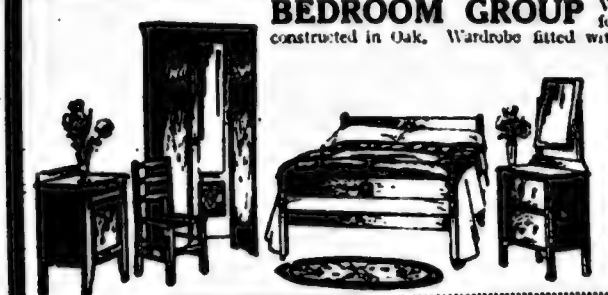
DINING ROOM GROUP.



Oak Dining Room, comprising 3 ft. 6 in. Oak finished sideboard with 2 drawers and 2 commodious cupboards, £8 8s. 3ft. 6in. Gate-leg table, £3 7s. 6d. 4 small Dining Room Chairs with drop-in Rexine Seats, £1 8s. each, and 1 exceptionally comfortable adjustable Arm-chair with heavy brown Rep cushions £1 12s. 6d. Complete, £18 16s. SEND 8/- ONLY

8/- Monthly After.

BEDROOM GROUP



Very pretty Suite, suitable for small room, Soundly constructed in Oak. Wardrobe fitted with hanging rod, Dressing Table with 2 deep drawers and Mirror, Dressing Chest with large Cupboard, and 1 Chair, £14 15s. 4 ft. 6 in. Bedstead, complete with Spring Mattress, Overlay, Feather Bolster and 2 pillows, £9 15s. Complete, £24 10s. SEND 10/- ONLY

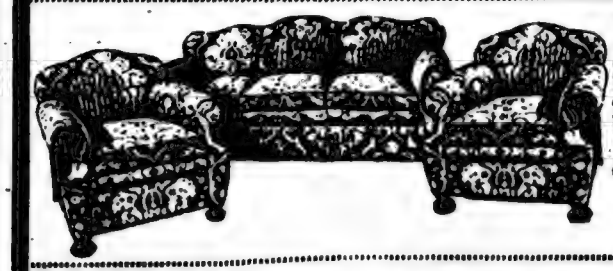
10/- Monthly After.

BEDROOM GROUP

A 4 ft. handsome figured Oak Bedroom Suite—commodious wardrobe fitted with bevelled plate mirror and enriched panels—dressing table with 2 long drawers and large triple adjustable mirror, Boot cupboard with 1 drawer and roomy cupboard, 2 chairs, complete the suite. £24 10s. SEND 10/- ONLY

10/- Monthly After.

DORKING SUITE



Very handsome 3-Pillow Suite, consisting of most comfortable Settee and 2 Easy Chairs, with well-sprung edges and loose seat cushions filled with feather down. In variety of lovely Silk Damask coverings. Settee £10 15s. Armchairs £6 13s. each. Complete £24 3s. SEND 10/- ONLY

10/- Monthly After.

MELFORTE CONSOLE.

A new model of great beauty and marvellous value. Finished in antique oak. Large cupboard to hold 100 records. Double Spring "Collaro" motor. "Grandtone" sound box giving exceptional reproduction—measurements: height, 2 ft. 8 in.; width, 2 ft. 1 in.; depth, 1 ft. 7 in. £7 10s. SEND 7/6 ONLY

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LAVETTE CABINET.

"Golden-phone" Series. Beautiful Oak finished Cabinet. Record cupboard, powerful British-made motor. "Grandtone" Soundbox. Height 2 ft. 11 ins.; width, 1 ft. 4 ins. Britain's best Gramophone value. £4 17s. 6d. SEND 5/- ONLY

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Sciatica

"Three and a half years ago I had a severe attack of Sciatica. I spent three or four weeks in bed, but steadily got worse. A specialist advised me to enter a hospital and have the leg in a splint, which I did with very little result. I was discharged from hospital, and hoped I should lose the pain in time, instead of which I got worse and again had to attend the hospital as an out-patient for 12 months. I really did not expect ever to be cured. A few months later I had another severe attack, but this time I determined to try Kruschen Salts in hot water. I took enough Kruschen to cover a sixpence in a pint of hot water every morning for about 6 weeks, and since then have kept up the little daily dose in my first cup of tea, with the result that I am now completely free from pain and can do all the work and all the walking I wish to do. I shall never cease to be grateful to Kruschen, and am recommending it to all my friends and acquaintances." F. C., London, E.17.
19th December, 1928.

Sciatica—like "rheumatism"—has its root cause in uric acid. The one unfailing remedy for both is Kruschen Salts, which expel uric acid and keep the system so regular and clean from waste matter that no such body poisons ever get the chance of forming again.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Good health for a farthing a day

Every Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/- & 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

Tasteless in Tea

corns

Can't Ache—they have gone

Are you a martyr to corns? Do corns worry you when you walk? Is it agony to wear smart shoes? If so, slip your feet into steaming footbaths daily, and add a tablespoonful of fragrant Radox Bath Salts. Almost immediately you will feel relief, and very soon the corns will part company, root and all, from your feet. This lady needed only two Radox footbaths. Read her letter:—

"I feel I must write to you regarding your Radox Bath Salts. I have walked in agony for months, and after using Radox twice, my corns came completely out. Before Radox I tried every kind of corn remedy you can mention without success, but since using Radox I can honestly say that I have never in my life walked with such comfort. We shall always keep Radox in the house."

Mrs. A. K., Kensington, London, W.
16th January, 1929.

When you put your feet into a footbath containing Radox the salts soften the hard outer layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them, and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened, so that it may be lifted out bodily. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than other salts.

1/6

Half-Pound Pink Packet.

Radox Bath Salts

Give your feet that "Kruschen Feeling."

Ask for Radox at your Chemist's. Price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet, & 2/6 double quantity.

"The Story of a Man"—(continued from page 22)

the big man. "Think you could conquer it now?"

"Yes," said Foran, "I think I could conquer it—now that it's too late."

"It's never too late till you're dead," said the big man. "I guess you've brains and you are a man of education, and you have one big asset—you're honest. My name's Cointreau. If I put you on your feet, will you promise me two things? One is to fight John Barleycorn and down him."

"Yes, I will."

"The other thing is—not to thank me."

"That's hard," said Foran, and he meant it.

"Hard or soft, it's part of the bargain," said Mr. Cointreau. "It's hell being thanked—I'd sooner be kicked any day. You promise? Very well, come along."

He rose and Foran went with him.

It was getting along for dusk and Foran's comparative shabbiness did not show much beside the opulence of his companion—not that Cointreau would have cared.

As they walked they talked, not as rich man to poor man, but as equals—Cointreau saw to that. Along Market Street they came to the Palace Hotel. Here they turned in.

The Palace is one of the world's great hotels. The very lamplight is golden, money speaks everywhere, and its inhabitants mostly speak of money.

But Foran was not put out by the brilliant crowd in the vestibule nor by his own comparative poverty. Cointreau had not only given him hope, but something even better—a sort of absolution for his sins and past stupidity. He was a man again, not an outcast.

A lift took them to the first floor and the door of Cointreau's suite.

* * *

In the big sitting-room, all cream and crimson, a girl was standing by the fireplace. She turned at the opening of the door.

She was Cointreau's only child, not more than thirteen or fourteen. She had a face like one of the angels of Fra Angelico, unearthly, with that far-away beauty, that loveliness of goodness which is the soul of all things kindly, fresh and fair.

"Estelle," said Cointreau, "I have brought in a friend. Mr. Foran—my daughter Estelle. Estelle, I'm dead beat; ring them up and tell them to send me some coffee and a few sandwiches. Have a cup of coffee, Mr. Foran? Tell them to send enough for two."

He produced cigarettes and dropped into a chair, having pointed another out to Foran. Then Estelle came back and sat on the arm of her father's chair, with her hand on his shoulder, and her kindly eyes sometimes resting on Foran, as they talked. Eyes that never saw his shabby coat.

She helped him to sandwiches when they came and coffee, and she helped her unfortunate father who was absolutely ruining his appetite for dinner for the sake of this stranger he had picked up and who was evidently in immediate want of food and who could not be invited to eat alone.

Then after a while the girl left them, and Cointreau said:

"I've been thinking things over. This isn't my home town. I live in Chicago, and I'll be going back there to-morrow, but a friend of mine here, Gregg, will do the needful for you if I write to him.

"Gregg's address is 1876 West Montgomerie Street. I'll write it down for you. He's the big wool man, and if you stick to him and work hard you'll go right up. There's nothing a man can't do here out West or in Chicago if he has grit and common-sense; that's what most men are wanting.

"I'd pick up a hatful of geniuses down at the Bohemian Club in half an hour, but it would take me half a day to find half a dozen of the other sort.

"That sounds a big statement, but it's true. Most men hold their position in life not by their own grit and sense, but by the grit and sense of others—just as a brick is held in place by the pressure of the other bricks.

"Well, I'm no lecturer," he went on, rising and taking a little cheque-book from the pocket of his waistcoat, "and now to do the practical." He sat down at a table near the window and wrote out a cheque.

"Here's a draft for a thousand dollars. It's not a loan; it's a gift of goodwill between man and man. See Gregg to-morrow afternoon, that will give you time to—to get your feet under you—and that's all. Estelle!"

The girl came back from the other room into which she had gone and the three fell a-talking.

Foran had never said "Thank you." He had promised. With the cheque in his pocket, he sat talking and then the truth came to him that it was time to go

NEXT WEEK:

ROLF BENNETT'S

Real Life Story:

"Fate, the Jester"

—they would be wanting to dress for dinner.

He rose and said good-bye, Cointreau accompanying him to the lift.

Outside the hotel it was foggy. A fog creeping down from Susun Bay covered the city, but it was not too thick to allow him to find his way to Polk Street where his room was. But he was not walking alone.

The man who had saved him, soul and body, was on his right-hand side and Estelle—no, not on his left—tripping before, leading him, half laughing, a creature transmuting the pure gold of goodness into joy and laughter and light.

So was he ever to see her.

* * *

Next day he called on Gregg.

Gregg, made wise by Cointreau, did not ask for references, he just put Foran into the Foreign Order department of his great business, let him work and watched him.

FORAN made good. He showed in this new environment great and unexpected talent; in less than a year he was putting by money, but he never heard from Cointreau—did not want to. He could not thank him in this world, but God would surely bless him—Foran left it at that.

And Estelle? Foran did not want to meet her again. You cannot meet last spring again or the light that has shone on you in bitter darkness that has passed.

Yet that joyous and lovely little face was ever with him in memory. It was his mascot. If you tell me there is no such thing as goodness as a world power you talk as foolishly as the man who would say there is no such thing as steam.

In those pre-war days in San Francisco it was the most difficult thing in the world for a business or any other sort of man to resist a drink. Foran had to fight this fact; twice he was nearly trapped, and it wasn't so much his promise to Cointreau that saved him as the face of his mascot.

Time went on and then came the Great War, and with it Foran's opportunity.

With the permission and approval of Gregg, he struck out for himself in a war business that brought him huge and legitimate profits; in those four tremendous years he amassed a fortune of some two million dollars, and as his business in the later years brought him to London, he lost touch with Gregg and partly lost touch with San Francisco.

He stayed on in London, having shifted his activities to Europe; he made a suite in Savoy Court his headquarters, and one night in April, 1921, leaving the hotel, he went for a walk, turning to the right down the Strand.

* * *

IT had been raining, but the rain had ceased and a wind had risen, driving the broken clouds across the sky.

The cheerful blaze of the shops, the theatre signs, the traffic and the crowd pleased him—the Strand is the cheapest pageant on earth and one of the most attractive to a lazy and tried man if he is in good health and spirits.

He came along, part of the pageant till, held up for a moment at the Norfolk Street crossing, he found himself side by side with a man. It was Cointreau.

He recognised him at once, but Cointreau did not recognise Foran for a moment—then he held out his hand. "I remember now," cried Cointreau.

Oh, but the shock! Cointreau was seedy, shabby, broke evidently to the world.

It was the war that had strewn the world with wreckage, dethroned kings, ruined Cointreaus.

And yet the joy, the pure golden joy of that moment to Foran as he linked his arm in that of the other and wheeled him back towards Savoy Court!

"I'm rich," said Foran, "and you gave me every penny I possess. You and I will club together in business now. I was waiting for a man I can care for to work with—you said I was never to thank you—I haven't, I've kept my promise—but God be thanked—God be thanked for this meeting."

THEN he stopped.

"But your daughter—Estelle?"

Cointreau gave a little sigh—he seemed unable to speak.

Then he pointed upwards.

Foran knew. She was dead.

Had the two men glanced up to the heaven that Cointreau had indicated they might have seen above the murky housetops the broken and hurrying clouds showing by glimpses the stars beyond—immortal, beautiful, the symbol of those who love us and watch over us despite ruin and despite death.

FREE CAMERAS

IMPORTANT NOTICE

THE demand for the free "J.B. Ensign" Cameras which "John Bull" is offering to readers has been unprecedented, and next week you will be given a final opportunity of securing one of these magnificent gifts—not only for yourself, but for a friend as well.

This is by far the most generous gift that has ever been made by a paper to its readers. Remember next week will be your very last chance. Find that friend while there's still time!

WHAT LOVELIER GIFT?

Suppose you are introduced to one necklet of pearls and then to another; and that the second seems the twin of the first in every way. Yes, and then suppose you are told that the pearls of one adorable necklet are Ciro's and the others are real. Will you be able to tell which is which? Decide as you may it will be pure chance whether you are right or wrong!

For Ciro pearls have all the glow and glory of pearls from an eastern sea. She prizes them for their own sake and—should they come as your Easter gift—for your sake too.

¶ AN INVITATION. *We shall be pleased upon receipt of one guinea to send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls such as you see here, but 16" long. Keep it a fortnight, and if, on comparison with real pearls, you can find any difference, send them back to us and the money you have paid will be returned in full.*

Send for Ciro Pearl and Jewellery Booklets No. 28, post free.

Ciro Pearls

178 REGENT ST. (Dept. 28), LONDON, W.
48 OLD BOND ST., W. : 120 CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
MANCHESTER : 34 ST. ANN'S SQ. LIVERPOOL : 25 CHURCH ST. BIRMINGHAM : 121 NEW ST. GLASGOW : 95 BUCHANAN ST. EDINBURGH : (Jenners) BRISTOL : (J. F. Taylor Ltd.) DUBLIN (Switzers)

The Oxo Habit

Just the Ticket—with a punch in it too!—

Hot OXO

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When the Joint came up for the third time.

The Saving grace for all Cold Meat.

Of all Grocers 10½d., 1/6 Per Bot.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD., KENNINGTON, S.E.

HAYWARD'S MILITARY PICKLE

Luckily, on the cold meat's third appearance, the Military Pickle was on the spot! It saved it! Such a generous Pickle! Mellow—not too sweet, not too sharp—full of that rich piquancy which makes a cold joint always welcome.

The Famous **Hercules** *Cycles on the* ***EASIEST of EASY TERMS*** **combined with Reduced Prices**

Guaranteed for 50 years

Owing to the enormous output the price of HERCULES CYCLES has been still further reduced for 1929 and we are supplying these machines to our Customers either for Cash or on Easy Terms, as follows:—

POPULAR MODEL with DUNLOP Kempshall Tyres, DUNLOP rims, WILLEY waterproof Saddle and HERCULES Chain for **£3.19.9** (or 7/6 monthly.)
(3-speed gear, 19/- extra.)

Numerous other Models to choose from.

Money returned if not satisfied.

Don't buy any Cycle until you have seen the Hercules Catalogue. Sent Post Free.

VICTORIA CYCLE & CARRIAGE CO. (Dept. H.10)
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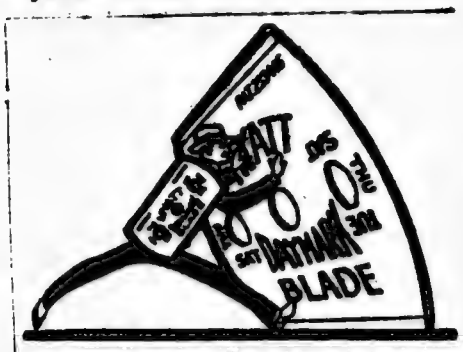


TURN THE BLADE REST THE EDGE

The life of a razor blade and the sort of shaves it gives depend on the way it is used.

The Myatt Daymark Blade is the only blade marked with the days of the week, so that each edge can be used and rested in turn.

Sharpened to the limit of keenness, honed to a velvet smoothness when you buy it, each Myatt Blade gives you more and better shaves because the unique Daymark enables you to keep it in tip-top form.

Go in for Daymark Shaving.

MADE IN ENGLAND SOLD EVERYWHERE

MYATT
PATENT DAYMARK BLADES
For Gillette Type Razors only.

FOR 1/3 FIVE

Sole Manufacturers: W. J. Myatt & Co., Ltd., *Contractors to H.M. Govt.*, Arsenal Works, Birmingham.

PINING, PEEVISH GIRLS.

When a girl in her teens grows dull peevish and "faddy," when nothing seems to interest her, when her appetite is fickle, you may be sure that she is anæmic. Before long her pallid cheeks, breathlessness, headaches and backaches will confirm the fact that she has insufficient blood. If your daughter is like this, give her Dr. Williams' pink pills at once. With every dose of these pills new good blood is infused into the system, and from this springs good health, keen appetite, high spirits and perfect womanly development.

A one-time victim of anæmia, Miss E. Palmer, of 14, Harris Street, Peterborough, states: "When I was sixteen years of age I was attacked by anæmia. I grew pale, lost my appetite, and always felt tired, was very depressed, and headaches and dizziness often assailed me.

"After doctor's medicine had failed I tried Dr. Williams' pink pills, and from the day I commenced taking them I felt the benefit. My appetite improved, and the colour came back to my cheeks; before long all my ailments vanished, and I have never felt so well as I do now."

All chemists sell Dr. Williams' pink pills, 3s. 0d. box—nothing else will do.

FREE. "Nature's Warnings" is a booklet that every girl in the Kingdom should read. Write to C.H. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1, for a free copy.

Outside the Emergency Depot in Aberdare, where men are equipped with necessities to enable them to take up jobs

HELP ARRIVES— HOPE REVIVES

in the Mine Towns

STUDENTS of human nature, dramatists, poets and novelists, will find abundance of material to think and write about by spending a little time in any one of the many "Service Depots" for the distribution of relief among the unemployed in South Wales.

Pathos, anxiety, gratitude, even irritability and not a little humour are revealed and personified in the tense, long-suffering drama that is being enacted hourly in this area of distress and destitution.

Yet just beneath the very stage on which the tragedy is presented lie vast stores of mineral wealth which the country cannot "afford" to raise.

Efficient helpers

Nor is it only the thinker who will find food for thought. There may be many lessons learned in the method and speedy dispatch with which the swiftly accumulating stores of clothing are sorted and allocated.

There is a general air of efficiency which would make a Selfridge envious. And the greater part of the work, under the direction of the Town Clerk and Director of Education, is done by voluntary helpers.

In the town of Aberdare—one of the most hardly hit in the South Wales coalfield, since it has lost not only its coalmines but many other subsidiary industries as well—the system of distribution is now working like clockwork.

Five thousand unemployed are to be fed and clothed; about seven hundred pounds is paid to local tradesmen on the voucher system and more than a hundred sacks of clothing are sent out weekly to women and children of unemployed miners.

Precious green cards

Most of this distribution is done through the elementary school "areas" under the supervision of local schoolmasters and a committee.

But Aberdare differs from other towns in the valleys in that it has a special "emergency depot" for supplying the needs of those who have secured work but have not the equipment to undertake it immediately.

A man who may have been out of work for years suddenly gets the offer of a job. He is not in a fit state—sartorially—to go to that job. He goes to the town clerk, who gives him a green card which he takes across the road to the service depot.

Within a few minutes he is supplied with what he wants—boots, socks, underclothes, suit and hat—and walks straight into his new job without the aggravating delay of departmental tardiness which is usually prevalent in such circumstances.

On one day this week, one hundred and eighty men were queued up in the town hall with offers of jobs, but wearing shoes that wouldn't resist the damp of a pavement, let alone the grime and slush of a coal-pit.

Half an hour later every man was shod. Some would change the new for the old on the premises and stamp out heartily in the snow, happy as linnets; others would carry their boots slung over the shoulder or hugged like some new toy. They know there is nothing to be ashamed of in being so relieved and any idea of "packing" is spurned.

Among the applicants at the service depots, many women and girls are to be found, representing fathers and brothers who have snatched at the opportunity of work and have gone to it almost in their bare feet.

A big boot comedy

A girl, appearing for her father, declared that she did not want two "size tens." Taking up the pair of "size tens," she undid the laces with which the boots were tied together, tossed one boot back on the table and strutted out, cheerily calling (in Welsh): "Only this one I want; peg-leg old father has got."

One incident spoke volumes for the pathetic pride that exists in the hearts of these hardy fellows who have starved bravely for months, yet would never admit the fact until dire necessity and obligation forced it from them.

A young man—not more than twenty years of age—whose entire family have been working since 1926, brought his green card to the depot. He was recommended for a suit of clothes of a kind appropriate to the job he was about to take up—a clerkship.

The assistant showed him designs as might a good salesman in a department store. He picked a nice-looking blue reefer suit from a package sent in by the Society of Friends.

He approved and the assistant suggested trying it on. For some minutes he absolutely refused to take off his old and tattered coat.

Finally he went behind the door and said he was ready. The assistant took the new suit and found the applicant ready to "fit on." Under his frayed garment the poor fellow wore nothing but a muffler!

Probably the rules were momentarily broken. In that particular case, however, human sympathy got the better of relief regulations and the young clerk went out to his new job clothed from head to foot and carrying a bundle of "spare parts" under his arm.

The ironic touch

The actual venue of these touches of tragic pathos lends an additional spice of irony to this great act of charity now being presented in South Wales, for the service depot in Aberdare is stationed in a building which formerly housed the County Court.

For years commercial disputes were settled, domestic difficulties were solved and petty quarrels were patched up in the very room where comfort is handed freely to the destitute and where hope is given to the helpless.

Where men and women used to leave this very building with empty pockets and soured tempers, they now emerge smiling and gratified and laden with the means of carrying on the job.

And the stuff they bring away with them is not, as has been alleged, shoddy. It is good, sound material, though some of the benefactors may have shown perhaps a twist of humour in sending to a coal mining district dress-suits and hunting kit.

Sensible mother

But even such gifts have been turned to use by the guild of women workers who re-make the fripperies into serviceable garments for the kiddies.

Here is a typical picture of one of the many incidents that come and go in this one-time hall of woe.

An old woman, appearing for her daughter who was about to go into service and needed "undies," took with her a neighbour to advise.

They were shown some rather dainty samples of those little amenities that are usually only to be seen in high-class shop windows.

"No, no," said the old woman; "pretty them, indeed; it's warm I want my daughter to be—not pretty!"

TRY YOUR SKILL

at "John Bull's" Square and Fair Crossword

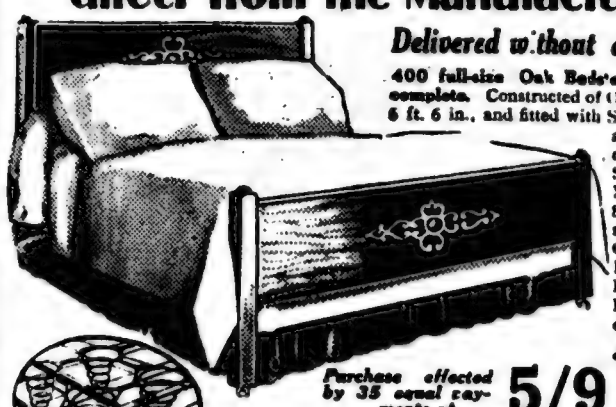
£500 *must be won every week*

See page 4

TAKE A WHOLE MONTH'S FREE USE OF THIS SUPERB FURNITURE BEFORE YOU PAY ANYTHING

GOOD as it looks in the picture—this beautiful furniture will look best of all in your own home. That is why we are anxious that you should have it for a whole month before you *begin* to pay for it. Order now. For this Furniture forms part of a limited stock, representing

SPECIAL BARGAIN PURCHASES direct from the Manufacturers



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400 full-size Oak Bedsteads and Bedding, complete. Constructed of Oak size 4ft. 6 in. by 6 ft. 6 in., and fitted with Sanitary Steel Sides and cross angles, complete with All-Steel Spiral Spring Mattress containing 80 tempered steel springs. 4 ft. 6 in. Overlay Mattress, Bolster and two Feather Pillows. Bedstead and Bedding complete.

£9-17-6

Purchase effected by 35 equal payments of **5/9** *beginning ONE MONTH after acceptance of order*

PER MONTH

Enlarged sectional view of Mattress accompanying the above bedstead, showing the strong all-steel spiral springs.

We pay customers fares to London on all orders of £30 and over.

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Further **Special Purchase of Bedroom Suites**, soundly constructed of beautifully figured Oak, polished a rich antique brown. Comprising 3 ft. wardrobe, with brass rod and sliding hooks inside, large shaped mirror in door; 2 ft. 9 in. dressing table fitted with two drawers and large frameless mirror; 2 ft chest of three drawers and one rush seat chair **£14-14-0**

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PER MONTH

A limited number of these suites available with bevelled mirrors, at £15-15-0.

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Not until four weeks after acceptance of order do you make your first monthly payment. You get free Fire and Life Insurance, and are fully protected should misfortune prevent you from completing the payments.

Hours, 9 till 6. Saturdays 9 till 1.

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22-30, Southampton Row, Holborn

Midland Furnishing Co. Ltd. LONDON, W.C.1

Special Discounts: 10% for cash. 5% for payment within 12 months. 2½% for payment within 2 years. (Deducted from full amount of order.) No interest added.

Calvert's is the 50 years old tried and proved dentifrice.

So r.r.re-freshing

'The nicest dentifrice I've tried' says the new user of Calvert's Tooth Powder. 'Better for your teeth' say Dentists

Just imagine this—your teeth so clean that they feel like polished ivory to the tongue: your mouth and gums a tingle with a freshness that makes you want to draw a little breath of delight.

This is the refreshing effect of Calvert's Tooth Powder. Your teeth *feel* cleaner and *are* cleaner. Dentists say so. Listen to this from a famous Dental Surgeon, "Careful observation of patients' mouths over a period of 20 years has established a belief that powders are much superior to pastes in their cleansing properties."*

Try a tin of Calvert's Tooth Powder. Sixpence will buy you sufficient to last six weeks. Or, if you send 3d. in stamps (to cover cost of post and packing), to F. C. Calvert & Co. Ltd., (Dept. E) Manchester, we will send you a dainty Free Sample Set of Calvert's preparations containing Tooth Powder, Toilet Soap and Shampoo Soap.

Calvert's CARBOLIC Tooth Powder

SOLD EVERYWHERE in TINS 6d. 1/- & 1/6

* Extract from a paper read before the British Dental Association and reported in the "British Dental Journal"

1½ glasses of full-cream Milk

in every ½-lb. of

CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE

½-lb. 1/-

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If you need more exercise

roll your own cigarettes With A.G papers you will find it light, pleasant and profitable.

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WORLD'S FINEST VALUE
The Bale contains:—
1 pr super quality All-Wool Blankets. Not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders. Whipped edges. size 60 x 84ins. weight 5lbs.
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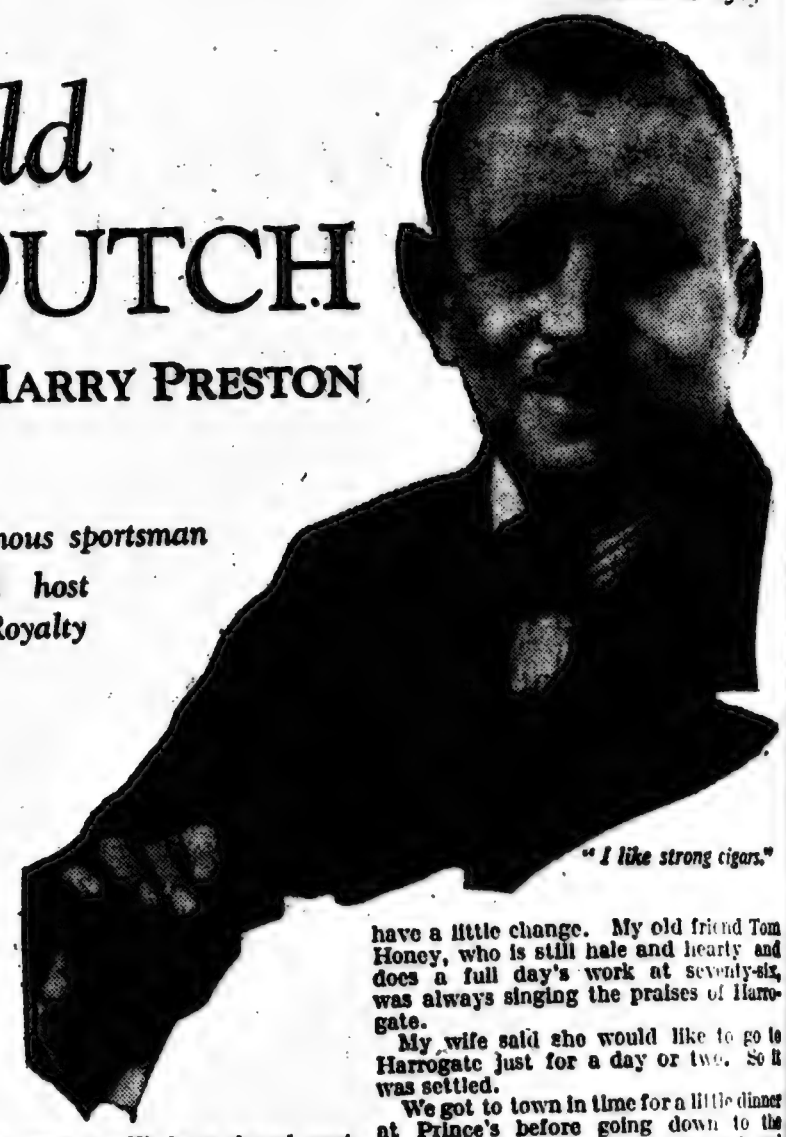
Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Influenza, quickly relieved. 4/6 a tin at all Chemists.

The Story of My Heart

My Old DUTCH

by HARRY PRESTON



Famous sportsman and host of Royalty

"I like strong cigars."

I AM more accustomed to discussing bull-terriers and boxing than the bliss or otherwise of matrimony; and I confess that my first inclination on receiving the Editor's invitation was to politely refuse it.

However, my wife reminded me that I have on more occasions than I like to remember offered the emphatic advice to young—and not so young—friends of mine to "get married, my boy, take a chance!" So, perhaps, I may be forgiven for paying a tribute in public to my own marriage.

Marriage has meant everything to me. Indeed, I owe my life to it, and to my wife. This may sound like drivelling sentiment, but it is, on the contrary, hard fact.

I am a hotel proprietor with numerous sporting interests, and my time has always been very fully occupied. But I must have exercise, and I like to run up to town once or twice a week, stay a night, dine with friends and see a good fight at the National Sporting Club or the Ring or the Albert Hall.

THEN I like to come back to a restaurant and sup and dance—exercise again, as well as pleasure.

I get back to my hotel next morning, and almost at once change into riding things, and, in a gallop over the wonderful rolling downs, draw God's purest air deep into my lungs, and get the fog and smoke of London out of my system.

How could I get about like this if it were not for the most patient, self-sacrificing and remarkable feminine personality I know—my wife?

And I should have been under the turf years ago instead of feeling, on my seventy-second birthday, fit, energetic—and a happy man, a man whom life has treated well.

My wife is my second self. A man who finds a second self in his wife is lucky.

I have, in a sense, always known my wife. We have been married for fifteen years. She was eighteen when she first came into my ken. That was at Bournemouth, and she appeared, the sweet, sensible, firm-charactered daughter of a well-known Devon man, to apply for a post in the hotel I then had.

The time came when I wanted to pull up roots. I rebuilt the moribund "Royal York" at Brighton—and nearly broke myself doing it. The problem arose of getting the Brighton business going while carrying on at Bournemouth.

I had one of the first motor cars in England then, and that helped. It banged away merrily down the Brighton-Bournemouth road, and did the ninety miles regularly in four hours.

BUT there was a human factor in my affairs more potent than any machine. Miss Collings, our young manageress from Devon, had studied me and my hotels, and she it was who gallantly held the Brighton fort while I was away in Bournemouth. She still holds the fort for me when I am gallivanting in town.

One year she went home to Devon with her married sister for the holidays. I missed her badly—so badly that I began to slip away to Devon for a day at a time, catching the night train at Paddington, and arriving in the fresh and dewy dawn.

Sweet and fragrant summer days! Wooing days . . . One day I lost her in a summer mist on Dartmoor. When I found her again I proposed. She said "Yes." A magical moment.

I shall never forget the little family supper that night. Her father was a man after my own heart, a robust Devon sportsman, a staunch character, a great man to hounds, a fine judge of good drink, a dog, a horse, and a woman.

Look at his wife. A replica of my own darling. The same great, clear, intelligent, loyal eyes, a Spanish complexion, the warm heart of a child.

She made no fuss when she heard our news. She just looked at me with those great, clear eyes, and said: "You are marrying a *good* woman." It was one of those simple little phrases which mean more than whole poems and pæans.

We have seen a lot of life together, one way and another. We have shared most of the ups and downs that come to any active man, and that means a lot.

For until a woman has seen the man she has married in adversity, as well as in success, in tight corners and awkward hours, she really doesn't know what she has drawn in the marriage lottery. And *vice versa*.

SHE has the priceless gift of companionship. The test of that comes when two people, long married, can sit together without saying anything, without consciously thinking of one another, and still be aware of that silent, that profound and comforting sense of companionship.

I have so many memories of times when we might have had a clash, but her sense of humour, her staunch loyalty, and our sense of one-ness, have steered us through the shoal.

One sunny day I was out with a riding party, which included my little girl Nancy (my wife wasn't riding that morning) and a flirtatious young actress. We stopped at an inn for a glass of wine.

In the light chaff of the moment the stage star complained that I had not "kissed her good morning." I promptly removed the cause of complaint.

That evening Nancy, who had evidently observed this little scene with an indignant eye, thought she had better tell her mother what had happened.

Her mother pretended to take it seriously. "But this is ground for divorce, Nancy, and the worst of it is that you will have to be a witness, my poor child."

Nancy, much upset, took up the cudgels on my behalf. "But, mummy, papa wasn't serious, and anyway you know he always says he's in his second childhood."

"But what about Miss Blank?"

"Oh," said the child, with disdain, "she's in her first!"

Except that I love champagne, and my wife prefers lemon-juice, and I like strong cigars and my wife does not smoke at all, we have grown together so much that we instinctively appreciate the same jokes and take pleasure in the same things.

I remember during the war we were both tired out. We thought we would have a little change. My old friend Tom Honey, who is still hale and hearty and does a full day's work at seventy-six, was always singing the praises of Harrogate.

My wife said she would like to go to Harrogate just for a day or two. So it was settled.

We got to town in time for a little dinner at Prince's before going down to the station. We had a sleeper booked, and once aboard the train, we settled down for the night. Just before the train started, the ticket-collector came in.

"Change at Leeds," he said.

"When do we arrive?"

"Three-fifteen, sir."

"Oh! And how long do we wait there for the connection?"

"Hour and three-quarters, sir."

"What is the next stop after Leeds?" I demanded.

"Glasgow, sir."

"We'll go to Glasgow," I decided. And we did. We had a delightful sleep, spent a pleasant day in Glasgow, went on to Edinburgh, and had another refreshing rest in the night express back.

That was our "holiday." My wife really enjoyed it. Some wives would have been disappointed.

Once we went to Paris, Berlin, and home by way of Italy. It was April, and we had looked for sunshine. But the weather was the devil, and the only warm spell we had before turning south was in the Paris-Berlin *wagon-lit*, where the heat was equatorial.

We had a charming time in Rome, and went on to Naples, arriving at midnight. It didn't seem too warm as we drove to the "Excelsior" hotel on the bay.

However—"In the morning," I told my wife, as we turned in, "you will see the sun on Vesuvius and the grapevines clustering at its foot."

NEXT morning my wife awakened me. The curtains had been drawn, and she was looking out across the bay.

"Come and look at your sun on Vesuvius," she said.

I looked. The slopes of Vesuvius were covered with snow. Moral: Holiday at home.

Eventually, I suppose, I shall retire, and my wife and I will settle down to the country life on our little place at Ainstye, with some dogs, and pigeons and ducks, a tennis court, flowers—a pleasant haven.

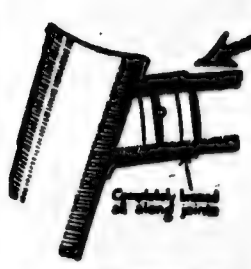
From the lawns you can see the two humped on the highest Sussex Hill, Chanctonbury Ring, where the Romans once camped.

It is a place full of peace. A magic place for us in a special sense, for our home has always been in my hotels, as we have never yet had what everybody else calls "a home."

* * *

Meet the Red-Haired Delilah in "The People" next Sunday.

WHY THE RALEIGH THE ALL-STEEL BICYCLE IS BETTER



Section of a Raleigh frame joint.

For instance — the new brazing

The intense heat of ordinary brazing which so often burns the frame is eliminated in the exclusive Raleigh low-temperature process and every joint is perfect. By this and many other important invisible details you get the lifelong service of the bicycle that is Guaranteed for Ever.

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9/3 with Order, and 14 monthly payments of 9/3 completes purchase of this super Bicycle.

Cash Price **£5.19.6** Carriage Paid

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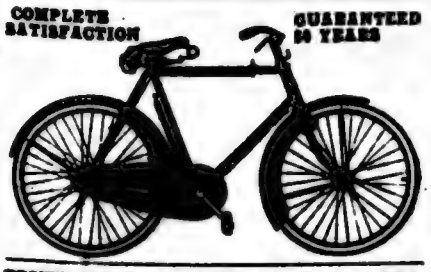

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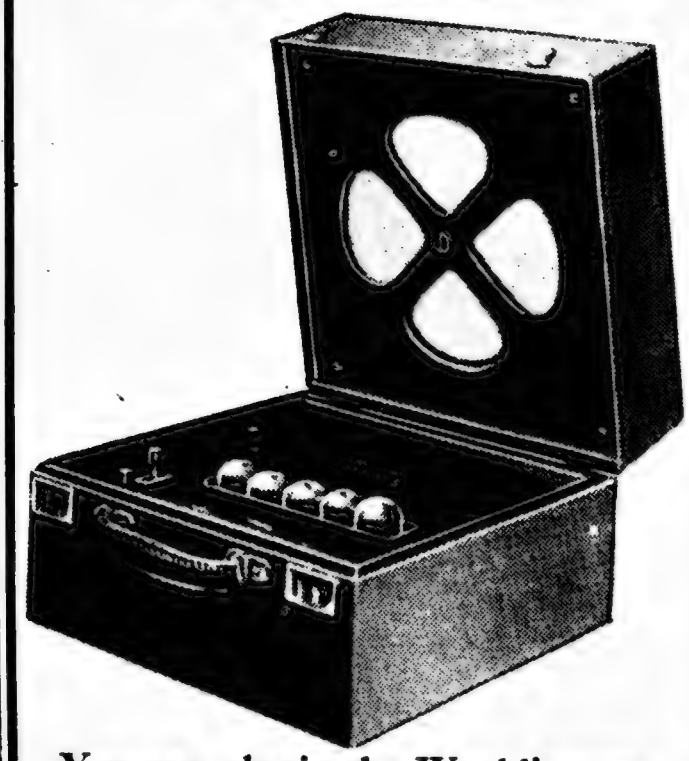

You can obtain the World's most efficient Portable Radio Receiver for 30/= down

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"I gave up business when I married, but I've saved £100 the first year"

"Tom wouldn't hear of my staying on at business after we got married, though we knew there'd be little left for saving once our regular expenses were paid. As a matter of fact, I soon found out that things would be really serious if I couldn't do something myself to help matters along. It wouldn't have been fair to Tom to go back to business again, even if my old post hadn't been filled; but I realised that I just *must* ease the strain of the constant dipping into our small savings to meet the payments on our house, furniture and insurance as they fell due. I could see that, as our nest-egg dwindled, Tom got more and more worried, though he never said anything. Then I had a wonderful stroke of luck! In 'John Bull' I saw an invitation to women like myself to write to The Secretary, Room 29E, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, for full details of the way in which to earn that extra money we could so well do with. You can guess I didn't waste any time. And by return I received the information that has changed our whole life and future prospects. Within a few weeks money worries were things of the past. My earnings have helped us out a dozen times in the past year, and wasn't Tom surprised when I showed him my bank book last week!"

Readers who write to the Secretary, Room 29E, 97, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1, will receive by return of post full interesting details of modern woman's best way of earning extra money in spare hours in her own home.

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INVISIBLY SUPPORTED

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NO BANDAGES! PERFECT COMFORT!

At last! A Surgical Stocking which gives full support, **comfort hitherto unknown,** and **does** not show under silk stockings. It makes ungainly legs slim and shapely, **is light, porous and washable,** fits like a glove, and **wears well.**

Remarkable testimony is pouring in as to the value of these wonderful Stockings every day. "Swelling has reduced considerably." "They are a great benefit. Elastic Stockings made my leg worse." "Your Stocking has given new strength to my leg." "I could not manage without them now. I can walk and keep on my feet in a way surprising to myself and my friends." "I have decided to have a pair, as my doctor recommends them so strongly." "A great improvement on bandages." "I am delighted with stockings; they are a beautiful fit, a wonderful support, and really absolutely invisible under silk hose." "My legs do not swell at all now" "During Christmas I was on my feet from early morning until midnight." "I hardly know I have more than one stocking on, and I do appreciate the feeling of freedom after wearing elastic stockings or bandages for nearly 30 years." "My medical man ordered your stocking for support, and it is the only thing I have been able to wear," etc., etc.

From a doctor: "Your stockings were brought to my notice by a patient who speaks very highly of them, and I am anxious to give them a trial."

Every sufferer unable to call personally should write at once for fully illustrated particulars and easy self-measurement form to Compri-Vena, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.3), Evelyn House, 62, Oxford Street, London, W.1 (*near Tottenham Court Road Tube Station*). *Separate Fitting Rooms. Trained Nurses in constant attendance.*

The wards are crowded with men who have lost their jobs for no other reason than slackness of trade.

A HAVEN for the SHIPWRECKS of the NIGHT

THE utter tragedy of prolonged unemployment comes on in all its naked horror at nightfall. What would you do then if you were dead tired, and broke, without even the coppers asked for a lodging-house bed?

There are thousands of men and women to-day upon whom this perplexing problem is falling with the regularity of clockwork.

There are first the wretched hours spent in the grip of hunger when even a crust may be unobtainable. Then, when night descends and the curtains of those who have homes are drawn, comes to the homeless the question of a bed.

Sometimes, on a summer's night a *doss* under the stars may be bearable for a man, but it has to be remembered that this alfresco lodging is forbidden. The law under which a man may be arrested for sleeping out without visible means of subsistence still exists and is enforced.

In winter there is no choice. If life is to be preserved a bed of some sort is a necessity.

If we thought of unemployment in human terms such as these instead of dealing with facts and figures and tabular statements, the problem would so touch our hearts as well as our heads that we should be very much nearer a solution.

Broken homes

Unemployment takes the home from the wife and mother bit by bit. First her household furnishings are sold for food, then all the extra clothes, and finally, as the unemployment benefit runs out, she may be evicted for arrears of rent.

It seems all to the honour of the poor that they will go to any shift to keep out of the workhouse. Many a woman will take the roughest sort of day work in order to keep her family around her.

Let us take a typical instance. She is the respectable wife of a highly respectable artisan, but the man, through slackness of trade at his place of employment, had been "paid off."

He has gone on tramp in the hope of finding work in a distant town; he has not found it yet.

The mother left behind with six children has put up the most heroic fight to keep her six children with her. Four of them go to school, but the other two are mere babies.

She has found a place where rough charing is required and where she is allowed to keep the babies by her side, while she works. The work is very hard, and it is very ill-paid. But while she has enough to pay for some sort of coarse lodgings, she has found those landladies and landlords adamant. No one could be found who would give accommodation to a woman with six children.

They objected to two or even one. Even should they relax their rule against no children, all the other lodgers in the house would leave, they declared, so this mother, worn with working and dead tired of life with hope constantly deferred, found every door banged in her face.

Shunned no longer

This mother and a score of others whose circumstances vary only in the number of their family, can be found in Crispin Street, down in the East End of London, where there is the Providence Row Night Refuge and Homes that will take in such homeless wanderers.

These women can be seen washing their belongings with as much vigour as though they had not already done a long, hard day's work.

They bathe the little bodies of their children until they are pink and perfect.

"Some of the children are astonishingly rosy—a living testimony to mother care . . ."

Some of the children are astonishingly rosy—a living testimony to mother care exercised in circumstances that are well-nigh insupportable.

This fact should be studied by every woman Member of Parliament for it is the most tragic waste of motherhood and potential citizenship to see these women in a charitable shelter simply because their husbands cannot get the work they want, and they themselves cannot find the decent little working-class houses of which they stand in such terrible need.

The men's wards in Crispin Street are crowded. Men are turned away, daily despairing for lack of accommodation, every night. They are not tramps in the ordinary acceptance of the word. They are men who want to work if they can find work. They are men who have worked and who have lost their jobs for no other reason than slackness of trade.

Painstaking sympathy

They are curiously reluctant to speak about themselves, but the friends who have taken them in for a night's shelter from the streets are full of information.

Enquiries are made in each case, in the hope that the man may be entitled to some insurance benefit, pension or compensation of which he is ignorant.

One man had worked for the same firm for twenty-five years before slack trade had made his dismissal inevitable.

Many are in the building trade; others in those manufacturing trades whose prosperity depends first and foremost on prosperity in the coalfields. There are a great many ex-service men.

If you think that everyone who has been wounded and partially disabled gets a pension, a little enquiry among the down-and-outs would disillusion you; or if you hold the still more popular belief that men cannot starve because all unemployed men get something called the "dole," dismiss it.

Men are being daily pushed off the registers of the unemployed in hundreds.

Perhaps the greatest tragedy of all, resulting from allowing the unemployment problem to remain unsettled, is the dry-rot it causes among the younger generation.

When the father is out of work, and the home is sold, there is no refuge left for the youngsters of school-leaving age.

In the case of older boys and girls, those in their later 'teens, the tragic results of having no well-established home in the background must be seen to be believed.

Saved from the streets

Beta is a case in point. She lost her situation through no fault of her own, and, failing to get another immediately, found in lodgings that her savings were soon gone.

She was actually in need of a meal when she took to the streets and she might have been there now but for a friend who found her and persuaded her to accept a night's lodging in Crispin Street.

There she found not only a bed, but gentle understanding that saw her possibilities. She was kept and given expert training and to-day is a highly-skilled worker earning a £100 a year. Beta is an outstanding example of how the dreadful wastage that unemployment brings about might be checked by common-sense.

Unemployment does more than rob the individual of hope, home and self-respect. It also robs the nation of a tremendous force of man-power and earning ability.

If it goes on unchecked it can only bring the country to utter ruin.

For *better cycling*

DUNLOP TYRES and DUNLOP WATERPROOF SADDLES

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AS BRITISH AS THE FLAG

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For a deposit of 10/- you can now obtain not only a perfectly cut K.C. Suit, made to measure from the finest cloths of English and Scotch Mills, but also a £500 Personal Insurance *absolutely free*!

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Send the Coupon for the wonderful K.C. 1929 Pattern Book and full information. The K.C. Tailoring Service will save you pounds.

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Please send me the K.C. 1929 Patterns, Illustrated Style Booklets, Self-Measurement Chart, and particulars of your £500 Free Insurance Offer.
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ADVANCE CLUES OF 'JOHN BULL' CROSSWORD No. 3.

We give below advance details of JOHN BULL Crossword No. 3. Entry Forms for this Crossword, for which a £500 Must-be-won prize is offered, will appear in JOHN BULL next week.

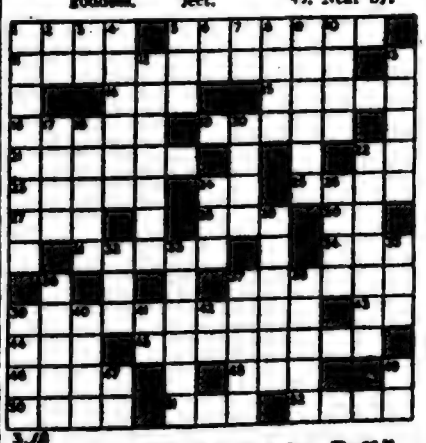
Be sure to enter this week for JOHN BULL Crossword No. 2, which you will find on page 4.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Take care of.
5. A red pigment.
11. Containers.
14. Recompense.
15. Silly person.
16. To discharge.
19. Idiots.
21. A bowl.
22. P.L. (actual)
23. Foreign.
24. D.N. (actual)
25. Uncommon.
27. Observe.
28. Donkey.
30. To live.
31. Indolent.
34. U.M.E. (actual).
37. A bird.
39. Place for storage.
43. S.D. (actual).
44. Ailing.
45. Dilated.
46. Want.
48. A collection.
50. Tackle.
51. Drunkard.
52. An opening.

CLUES DOWN.

1. To intrude.
2. E.E. (actual).
3. N.C. (actual).
4. To testify.
5. Pig-house.
6. I.A. (actual).
7. As 3 down.
8. A medley.
9. Hawker.
10. Egyptian goddess.
12. Protected ideas.
13. Pin of a dial.
17. Cavity.
18. A reed.
20. Possesses.
22. Accurately forecast.
24. 24 hours.
26. Adjoin.
29. Rare.
32. Self - conscious subject.
33. Experiments.
35. Terminus.
36. Uproar.
37. Damp.
38. Hindu agriculturists.
39. To sound.
40. Excuse.
41. S.V. (actual).
42. T.R. (actual).
47. D.R. (actual).
49. Near by.



Entry Forms in "John Bull" Next Week.

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No other journal devotes as much space to competitions as "THE LEADER." In the current issue which is on sale NOW at all newsagents and bookstalls—you will find over 52 big columns are devoted solely to solutions and valuable advice which will help you to win.

For example, recent winning lines in "Bullets" and other Literary Competitions are reviewed by a well-known competition journalist, who explains why they have met the Judge's eye. All "Examples" in the current "Bullets" offer are also analysed by "Sphinx," who advises which ideas should be left alone, and also gives suggestions which may help YOU to frame the winning £3,000 line.

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Leader

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Romance or Ruin? The

TOO AMBITIOUS WOMAN

Seeks adventure in the "Indian Summer" of Life

LET me admit at once that I am an ambitious woman. I am not ashamed of the fact, for it is my firm belief that without ambition the world might still be a swamp.

My husband is different. He is a good man, a plodder, but without the slightest ambition to improve himself or his surroundings.

We married when very young, and our three children came in quick succession. We lived in a seaport town where my husband had a job as baker's roundsman. Thus we had a pretty tight time even in pre-war days when prices were lower.

This didn't suit me, for I wanted to see my children nicely dressed and to give them a better start in life.

So, with my husband's consent, we took a big boarding house to try and make more money. I had been a cook before marriage, and this now came in useful.

I worked like a slave to keep things going, and my husband gave up all his half-holidays and week-ends and even his evenings to help me with the rougher work.

Two years before the war I saw another big chance and determined to seize it. The bakery where my husband was employed came into the market through the death of the proprietor. By this time we had a tidy sum laid by, quite enough to justify our raising a loan, and I urged my husband to secure the bakery for himself.

Afterwards he was glad he took my advice, for when the war came we secured Army contracts for bread for a big military hospital near by.

THE boarding house I kept on, and it soon became evident that if it was turned into a café it would make a splendid adjunct to the bakery.

Again I worked, day and night, to float the scheme. A little company was formed, and I can say proudly that never yet has anyone had to regret putting money into it.

It was in this café and during the war that I first had doubts as to whether ambition is a sufficient motive for life. A dance had been arranged for young officers home on leave, and I, who now had leisure for a little enjoyment as well as work, found myself specially interested in one.

He attracted me because he was interested in everything that had been neglected in my own life—art, music, books, travel and great causes of every sort.

I invited him to our house, and for some time he was a very welcome guest. When his visits ceased and I asked him the cause, he confessed that it was because he loved me. I said little, but when he offered to correspond with me I eagerly assented, and this has been going on ever since.

His letters are always addressed to the café, where it is still my job to attend to all the correspondence. They have filled my life with the one thing lacking, the breath of romance; but I feel that it cannot go on.

MY lover feels it too. He wants to marry and settle down, and says if I will go to him my husband will be sure to divorce me, as he knows nothing of it, and, of course, would not "condone" it for a moment.

My children are all in the business now, I having given them the education and good start I wished. So what is there to stand in my path to romance?

HUMANIST says: Everything. What about your children's respect and the faithful love of a good man whose integrity through all these years has patiently furthered your ambition?

But for him, I would say "Go to this rotter and suffer the disillusionment you so richly deserve."

As it is, may you find enough common-sense to realise the blessings that have been showered on your life before you deliberately wreck it.

HERE are some problems of Life sent by readers and dealt with by "Humanist." Now or later you will be confronted with a problem which may trouble you. "Humanist" will deal with it through the post. Send stamped addressed envelope. For the three most poignant documents published the Editor will pay £2 2s., £1 1s., and 10s. 6d.

SHAM ENOCH ARDEN'S

belated father love

ALTHOUGH married with a family of two girls, I joined up early in the war. After a short training at Catterick Camp I was sent out to Mesopotamia. Within one year I was a prisoner of war but reported missing.

After two years of gruelling work on the land I was sent home, only to find my wife had married again and was the mother of a child by her new partner.

I have never let her know that I was alive. I often see my girls. They do not know me and I dare not speak.

Now I find that the eldest, a girl of eighteen, is mixing with bad company and I am powerless to do or say anything to save her. I don't want my wife back, as I am very happy with the good woman I am living with.

But we have no children, and my thoughts will cling round my own bonny girls. Is it possible they may be going to utter ruin for want of their father's loving care?

HUMANIST says: No. There was precious little loving care for wife and family or you would have communicated with them and let them know you were alive while working on the land, as this is a privilege accorded to all prisoners of war.

Your best plan now is to keep away. What influence could you expect to have over wayward girls when they knew that instead of writing home you had simply jumped at your chance of living unmarried with another woman?

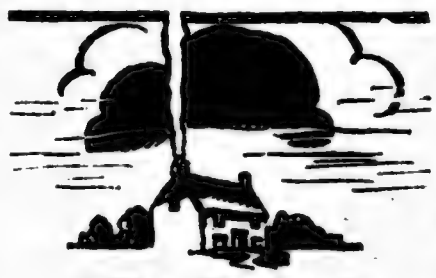
THE THIRD CORNER

of the triangle

WE often hear about "The Eternal Triangle," meaning in every case two men and one woman or two women and one man. Why do folks forget the real triangle, a man, a woman and a child?

In cases of married squabbles the child is the corner of the triangle that gets most knocks. In the procession through the Courts it is often broken.

I am that pitiable thing the child of separated parents. I had a good home once. I loved both my father and my mother.



"The Shadow"

A little home where all is happiness and contentment. But suddenly may come tragedy—Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, or an accident such as that reported on page 4. Is your home safe? Have you registered for "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift?

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

One of my happiest memories is being taken out, a toddler, on Sunday morning walks with dad. It was just as happy coming home to find mother all smiling and waiting at a pleasant dinner table.

As time went on the smiles became less frequent, though always a specially tender one was kept for me.

The house grew mysteriously less comfortable. Fires were smaller, new shoes weren't always forthcoming when my old ones wore out. I didn't see so much of father as formerly.

There came a day when neither mother nor I saw him any more, and I heard other queer words, such as "separation order" and "maintenance."

Mother took a post as lady's-maid and I got a place of service. I earn my living, but all that other girls have in abundance in their lives is missing in mine—home, laughter and the love of relatives. Mother is usually travelling with "the family" at holidays. I have nowhere to go.

My fellow workers show me their cards, their little presents, and tell me of jolly times they have had.

I keep miserably silent, for I know there was disgrace attached to my parents' quarrel and I can't face questions. Won't you remind the quarrelling men and women who talk so glibly of "separations" and "divorces" of the third corner of the triangle that seldom is mentioned—the child whose life is blighted by those things they do?

HUMANIST says: You have my fullest sympathy. I am always pointing out to "unhappy" wives and husbands that a little more thought for the children would prove their salvation.

For yourself I advise less sensitiveness over happenings that are no fault of yours. Cultivate a cheerful disposition, and if you ever marry yourself you will be able to profit by your experiences and make a thorough success of your own home life.

GAZING GUSH

turns wife's head

I AND my wife were recently invited out to dine at a friend's house. Among the guests was a lady who professed to be an amateur soothsayer.

Most of the company seemed amused or bored, and we men went off for a smoke, leaving the women chatting.

But when the evening was over and I and my wife got home I could see she was wretched and depressed.

At last she confessed that she had been much impressed by the crystal-gazer, who was not out for money but who evidently had studied seriously because she had occult powers.

In this belief my wife persuaded the seer to look into the crystal on her behalf.

Among other things she told my wife that in a few months she would be attacked by an illness necessitating a serious operation, and that five years hence she will be a widow.

It is not the slightest use my laughing and pooh-poohing this thing. My wife, who is a most level-headed woman in most things, refuses to be pacified.

To-day I am on the verge of despair for she has received letters from abroad which were "foretold," and which have settled her faith in the "crystal-gazer" into unshakable conviction.

My last hope is her almost equal faith in your opinion. If you will give it honestly on the whole subject of crystal-gazing you may save our happiness.

HUMANIST says: Fortune telling for money is punishable by law, and your wife's friend may thank her lucky stars she had the sense to give her predictions gratis.

Tell your wife to dismiss her twaddle from her mind. It is always safe to let these characters to foretell the coming of important letters, as there are very few families where such do not arrive. Crystal-gazing is one-half guesswork and the other half bunkum.

Specially written for

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PERMANENTLY

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You should see this Frock to realise what a wonderful Bargain it is and so that you may do so, without any risk whatever, I will send it, at once, on approval for first payment of 2/- only.

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Post your order NOW while you think of it.

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WHEN I SINNED TO KEEP MY JOB

ORIGINAL letters, upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited, as also are letters on any topic about which you feel strongly. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Mark envelopes "Letter Parliament."

The Queerest Job I Know

One morning a girl came and asked me to let her stay near the boilers, as she was suffering with neuralgia, so I decided to take a chance, and made her comfortable.

Suddenly a boy popped his head in, and said five directors and the manager were coming across the yard. I rushed to tell the girl, whom I found fast asleep, so I got a shovel and lifted the safety-valve lever, which filled the place with steam.

The manager, thinking a pipe had burst, sent for the engineer, to whom I was able to explain. But it saved me from getting sacked.—*S. H., Manchester.*

Diamonds and Deceit

When I was working for a jeweller I had a valuable diamond ring to repair.

In resetting the diamond I chipped a small piece of facet off the stone. I had been off work a long time and was afraid to tell the truth, so sent the stone to a cutter to have the chip polished out.

This lessened the stone slightly and caused enquiries to be made.

I swore I had never altered it and it passed over. I sinned, but I kept my job for eight years.—*E. H., Clapham.*

Butter and Bluff

As a youth I was employed in a grocery store. During the war it was difficult to secure choicest Danish butter, though a good quality was to be had from New Zealand.

As some customers preferred Danish, I was instructed to sell them New Zealand butter as such. I hated the duplicity, but what could I do?

Eventually my employer was called up under the Derby scheme. He had amassed quite a little fortune from his war-stock. I had become hardened in misrepresentation.

Then one day we got news of his being killed by a shell at Ypres. From that day I never sold another ounce of butter under false colours.—*Zero, Co. Durham.*

Foul Play

About eighteen months ago my boss brought a man into the shop where I work and put him on the same job as myself.

He was in receipt of a pension, and the boss said plainly he would be cheaper than myself. I could see that unless something happened I should soon be on the "dole" again.

Watching my chance, I made a slight alteration to this man's machine, which resulted in him wasting about ten pounds' worth of metal.

The boss was angry, and the man was soon outside. When this happened, I had just started work after three years' unemployment, yet my conscience often pricks me.—*X. Y., Birmingham.*

An Anonymous Letter

My employers gave me a week's notice. Business had slackened, and having the shortest service with the firm it was only natural that I should have to go.

A workmate of mine was infatuated with the manager, a married man, and I saw here an opportunity of retaining my job, for things were bad at home.

So I put the manager's wife in possession of the facts by an anonymous letter. She found out everything, with the result that the girl was discharged while I was retained in her place.—*S. W., Hackney.*

The Laird's Hunter

I was foreman with a farrier, who shod the laird's hunters. One day I shod a horse that was to carry the great man at an important "meet" and as it went away I noticed that it was limping slightly.

I knew that if the beast were lame next day it would mean the sack for me, so that night I slipped up to the laird's stable, opened the door (picked the lock in fact), lit a stable lamp and examined the lame foot. I saw the nail that was wrong and drew it out. My house (or stable) breaking was never discovered, and I kept my job.—*Farrier, Fife.*

Moved by Gratitude

Have I ever sinned to keep my job? Yes, on Friday last, and if necessary I'll do it again. I am a motor mechanic employed as a traveller's driver.

On Friday all single drivers were sacked, only married ones kept. 'I am single, but I lied and said I'd a wife. Why?

I was deserted when only six months old and adopted by a middle-aged couple. Now the old man, who is seventy-six and who suffers from cancer in the throat, is left with his widowed invalid daughter and child.

My wages are all we have to keep body and soul together. The "dole" would mean 18s. for four! Think of this and blame me who will!—*G. W., Wood Green.*

* * *

Letters in Little

Any sins committed by the ordinary man to keep his job must pale into insignificance beside the sins committed by our politicians.—*H. R., Durham.*

History has given us a "Black" and a "Bonnie" Prince; now we have a "Brainy" Prince. Let's follow him to "*Ap Henri.*"

Are you aware that in this city, a thousand miles away from London, JOHN BULL is as much in evidence as it is at home?—*J. Thomson, Calgary, Alberta.*

I think every one would sigh with relief if D.O.R.A. could die from influenza.—*George Steward, North Berwick.*

Members of Parliament need not fear the miner if they come in the same spirit as that shown by the Prince of Wales.—*M. Simpson, Tow Law.*

Homely Wisdom — *by the Rev. R. J. Campbell, D.D.*

When Relatives Disagree

A HUMOROUS character out here in California, where I am staying just now, is Will Rogers. He was formerly a cowboy, but becoming noted for his shrewd and witty sayings, he was induced to write for the Press.

Will Rogers

Everyone in this part of the world knows Will and reads his pithy remarks on current events.

One of these that appeared lately had reference to a quarrel that was going on between two great commercial magnates in this country.

Said Will Rogers: "They hate each other as if they were relations."

The sarcasm has a barbed point: it pierces and sticks. For quarrels between relations are notoriously more bitter than almost any other kind of quarrel, unless a religious one.

In how many homes does a sullen unfriendliness between one member of the family and another render life joyless and hard?

The father is disappointed in his son and rarely speaks civilly to him; or a toiling mother feels that she is having the burden of the household to carry while a disobedient and ungrateful daughter goes off amusing herself week after week; or the children as they grow up, become jealous of one another, and bickering and wrangling take the place of kindly feeling and simple good manners.

The causes of domestic strife are generally so trivial that we should laugh at them if we saw them on the stage or even across the garden wall.

People resent in those of their own blood what would not cause them a moment's annoyance if said or done by a stranger.

Active dislike is often engendered by nothing at all except the sour looks or irritating little habits of a person you are used to; you do not feel it necessary to be considerate or polite with such a person though you would not dream of showing your nasty side to a casual visitor.

It is seldom big injuries that cause a split in a family circle.

It is the little displays of selfishness and vanity that result in estrangement.

NOW it would be just as easy to preserve affection and sympathy as to destroy them. All we have to do is to observe the rules of courtesy in the home that are expected of us everywhere else.

Bear and forbear with your loved ones; it will yield a good return.

A Wonderful Free Offer

appears on page 14.

Don't miss it—Turn to it Now!

CONSTIPATION GONE NEVER FELT BETTER

A Soothing & Thorough Remedy.

"For years chronic constipation gave me terrible symptoms," says Mrs. G. Tindall, of 37, Highfield Terrace, South Town, Great Yarmouth. "I had constant headaches and attacks of giddiness, and the pains in my back and shoulders were really dreadful. My appetite was very poor; the very thought of food produced nausea. On a morning my tongue was coated.

"I tried first one thing, then another, and had a doctor, but only Bile Beans could touch my liver as well as my bowels. They were gentle and thorough, soothing and purifying. Day by day my health improved. Thanks to Bile Beans, I again eat heartily, and never felt in better health."

Over 30 years' demonstration proves that Bile Beans are a unique scientific triumph. For indigestion, biliousness, constipation, piles, wind, sick headache, dizziness, blood impurities, anæmia, debility, etc. Bile Beans stand unequalled to-day. 1/3 or 3/- a box of all chemists and stores.

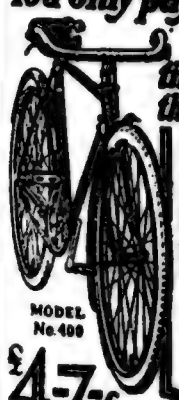
SAMPLE BOX For free sample send post-**POST FREE** card (1d. stamp) to Bile Beans Depot, Leeds. Mention "John Bull." 2/3/29.

Give your youngster this Free Treat!

"Toby," the jolliest magazine in all the world for children, price sixpence, will put a free specimen copy in the letter-box for your youngster if you apply early! Adventure stories, school stories, fairy stories, pictures by the score; competitions, a wonderful cover in colours—it's splendid and wholesome entertainment! Address: "Toby," Dept. B1, 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. A three-halfpenny stamp to cover return postage must be enclosed in your envelope, which should be sealed.

FOR A MEAD 400A

You only pay 2/6 till you have ridden the bicycle a month



MODEL No. 400

£4-7-6 CASH

Send for full details of our All British 400A 'Marvel'—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Embodies every up-to-date improvement. Richly enamelled brilliantly plated lined in colours. Fully warranted. Sent packed free, carriage paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Write now for Free Illustrated Catalogue

MEAD LIMITED (Dept. B749) BIRMINGHAM.

Removes Hair as Like Magic

More pleasant than depilatories. Better than a razor.

Until the discovery of Veet Cream, women have had to resort to shaving and objectionable depilatories to remove superfluous hair. Cutting hair with a razor only makes it grow faster and thicker, just as trimming a hedge stimulates its growth. Both razors and ordinary depilatories merely remove hair *above* the skin surface, whereas Veet melts the hair away *beneath* it. During the past four years millions of women have found Veet to be the real solution to the perplexing problem of getting rid of unsightly hair growths. This perfumed velvety cream is ready for instant use. You spread it on just as it comes from the tube, wait a few minutes, rinse it off, and the hair is gone. Satisfactory results guaranteed or money refunded. 1/6 and 3/- everywhere. In Trial Size, in plain wrapper, by post 6d. in stamps. Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd., (Dept. 502D), 43, Bolsover St., London, W.1. *Veet is a British Product of British Quality. Beware of Cheap Foreign Imitations.*

Did you wake up coughing?

DID you wake up this morning with your head "all stopped up"? Did you have to cough and blow your nose before you could breathe really freely? THAT IS CATARRH. Slight, perhaps, but with the seeds of danger in it.

The warm curling smoke penetrates to remote tubes and recesses.

What is Catarrh?

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane. Usually it begins with a simple cold in the head. Commencing in the nostrils, it spreads to all the mucous membranes of the head, the nose, the throat, the lungs and stomach. Thence it spreads its poison through the blood all over the body, sapping the bodily energy and weakening the powers of resistance to disease and germ-spread illnesses.

How to know Catarrh.

If you catch one cold after another; if your eyes are inflamed and watery; if there is a huskiness of the voice; if there is a constant discharge from the nose, forming scabs, or the dropping of phlegm into the throat, causing frequent spitting of white, yellowish or greenish mucus, with an offensive breath; if there is difficulty in breathing with the mouth closed, or loss of the sense of smell or taste, you may know you have catarrh. If you have catarrh of the throat, you will feel hoarseness, sore throat, weakness of voice, frequent desire to clear throat, etc. Catarrhal deafness brings failure of hearing, noises in the head, ringing, roaring and popping. None of these symptoms should be neglected, because it cannot be too strongly urged that catarrh will spread its ill-effects through the whole of your body.

How to get rid of Catarrh.

As you will realise, Catarrh rapidly becomes so firmly rooted in the inflamed membranes of all the minute passages and channels that the reason is evident why all the so-called remedies fail to shift it or even to relieve it. Sprays and ointments cannot reach more than the outer parts while such things as pills cannot possibly affect the passages of throat and nose. The only way to effect a remedy is to employ some healing element which can actually reach the parts that are infected.

Fortunately there is one remedy which is not only unfailingly effective in penetrating to every affected part, but is also exceedingly pleasant. It is put up in the form of delicate cigarettes, containing no tobacco, cubebs, or habit-forming drugs, but made of aromatic herbs, leaves and flowers and called, after the famous U.S. Specialist who discovered them, DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES. The healing properties of these herbs and flowers are carried by the act of smoking into every nook and cranny of the respiratory system, where they soothe the inflamed tissues and banish all trace of catarrhal trouble in a very short time. This diagram shows clearly how the healing vapours of DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES reach every part that could possibly be affected.

How to prove it FREE.

If you think you have the slightest trace of any catarrhal trouble, colds, asthma, bronchitis, or are suffering from the after effects of Influenza, just send a postcard or the coupon below and we will send you, without cost to you, a few of the actual DR. BLOSSER'S CIGARETTES for you to try. We make this offer in all sincerity, and you would be wise to take advantage of it now, before this paper gets mislaid. When you have proved them yourself, you can get further supplies at any chemist's. Boots, Taylors', Timothy White's, and all progressive chemists have a supply.

FREE PACKET.

Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 121K), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Please send by post your Trial Package, containing four Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes, that I may try them free of charge.

Name .....

Street .....

Town .....

(Print with pencil, very, very plainly.)

Earn Money at home like this

in comfort with the IMPERIA KNITTER

The IMPERIA KNITTER enables you to make money in your own home with certainty and regularity—money to save if you work only now and then, money to live on in comfort if you make it your occupation. You can learn to work the Imperia Knitter in a day, and the next day you can be earning. Nothing could be simpler than the working of the Imperia Knitter, and nothing more perfect than the work it turns out. All sorts of beautiful and useful things can be made on the Imperia Knitter—Hosiery, Underwear, Jumpers, Knitted Costumes. There is no risk about it, no worry, no uncertainty of any kind, because—

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and pay the best rates. At the same time you can sell to private customers and shops as well if you want to, and so build up a splendid little home business with a sure income for life. Even in spare time it is easy to make a pound or more a week. You may do a little now and then and have money to save, or you can make it your occupation and earn a **Good and Regular Income** as hundreds are doing. Always there is the certainty that your work will be bought as fast as you can produce it. Our **Work Buying Guarantee** goes with every machine, the cost is most moderate, and if you desire it, easy terms can be arranged.

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The Imperia Book will prove a revelation to you. It shows just what you can do with the Imperia Knitter. It tells you what you may expect to earn by our guarantee every hour you spend at the machine. It proves every claim by the undeniable experience of others who are profiting by this guarantee. And it explains the very easy terms on which you can get the Imperia Knitter. If you cannot call, do not take sending this coupon for a free copy of the book at once.

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To THE IMPERIA HOSIERY MFG. CO., Ltd.,

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Please send me FREE and without obligation your ILLUSTRATED BOOK giving full particulars of the Imperia Knitter Home-Work Scheme and your Work-Buying Guarantee.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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"HOW I MARRIED A MILLIONAIRE

—though I was poor. The most thrilling moment in my life."

"One day a physician told me that it is not age but under-nourishment of the skin that actually causes faded complexions, wrinkles, shrunken tissues, and flabby, sagging facial muscles. On his advice I at once commenced using what is now Crème Tokalon skin food, which is guaranteed under a forfeit of £1,000 to contain the highly nourishing, specially prepared, food ingredients which specialists say your skin must have to keep it clear, firm, fresh and free from wrinkles. It was my beautiful skin and complexion that first attracted the millionaire that I, a poor girl, was later to marry, and my husband says that had it not been for my wonderful complexion he does not think he would have noticed me, the second time, among so many beautiful women. I still use Crème Tokalon skin food every day, and although I am now a woman with a family my friends say I do not look a day over 23."

Writer's Note:—On account of the high international social prominence of the woman referred to above she does not want her name printed, but the truthfulness of this story is guaranteed by the writer. Specialists recommend the use of Crème Tokalon Skin Food *Night Cream* before retiring and Crème Tokalon, *non-greasy*, in the morning. The manufacturers guarantee successful results in every case or your money is refunded.

Free Trial.—Send 3d. in stamps (to cover postage, packing, etc.) for de luxe sample outfit of Poudre Tokalon in various shades, and Crème Tokalon (Vanishing and Night). Tokalon, Ltd (Dept. 570), 212-214, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

VAPEX

INHALANT

quickly and safely breaks up a cold in the head. Simply breathe the vapour frequently at the first symptoms

First thing every morning put a drop of 'Vapex' on your handkerchief.

All Chemists, 2/- & 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & Co., Ltd.

V.66

RASH AWFUL TO LOOK AT

Over Face, Neck and Body. Healed by Cuticura.

"The rash I suffered from was very irritating and sore. It broke out all over my face, neck and body. Later it scaled over and I was unable to go to work. The irritation was so severe that I could not sleep at night. It was very disfiguring and awful to look at.

"I tried all kinds of remedies but nothing seemed to do any good. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. I purchased more, and in a short time I was completely healed." (Signed) Miss Norah Smith, 124, Teignmouth Rd., Selly Oak, Birmingham, Eng.

Use Cuticura to heal skin troubles.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd. 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.

Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee stylish well-fitting garments.

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Patterns Post Free. Send post card for styles & patterns cut from the actual cloths. Suits from **50/-**

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to Asthma sufferers instant relief!

Potter's Asthma Cure makes breathing easy, gives comfort by day and peaceful sleep at night. It works wonders in Bronchitis, Catarrh and Whooping Cough. *Best remedy for Bronchitis of Children.* Keep a tin handy. Entirely free from opiates. Of all chemists 1/6, or direct post free 1/9.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

Send for Free Trial

of Potter's Asthma Cure, Smoking Mixture and Cigarettes, together with booklet 'Are you Asthmatic?" which will be forwarded to all who write mentioning this paper and enclosing 2d. stamp. Address:— Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.

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I send bunions with my new Pedodyne Solvent treatment. Pain stops almost instantly. Actual reduction of the enlarged growth starts so fast that your next pair of shoes may be a size smaller—often two sizes smaller. And you can prove it by actual test.

TRY IT AT MY RISK

Just send your name and address so that we can arrange for you to try Pedodyne on your own bunion and prove the quick, sure amazing results. Address

RAY LABORATORIES, Dept. B 978
30 Wellington Street, East Toronto, Ont.

The

MIRACLE SUPER GRAND

YOURS for 3/- Deposit

This handsome, bright mahogany finished cabinet, 3½ ft. high as illustrated, complete with powerful **double spring** motor and full size floating interior all metal amplifier. **Full natural tone** and **enormous** volume. Yours for 3/- deposit. Carriage paid on 7 DAYS APPROVAL. You may complete the purchase by easy monthly payments graded to suit your pocket Write for new illustrated Art List. 44 Models to choose from. Portable Gramophones from ONE GUINEA.

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EVERYTHING READY TO SWITCH ON

AMAZING WIRELESS VALUE!

ALL-BRITISH

2-Valve JUNO LOUD SPEAKER SET

Comes to you complete with full instructions. So simple a child can work it. Complete with H.T. Battery, Accumulator, Aerial Outfit, Marconi or Mullard Valves. All Royalties paid packed free. Carriage Paid to your door. LOW EASY TERMS TO SUIT YOU.

For **5/-** DOWN

Write NOW for FREE Catalogue.

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(Dept. D.6.),
168, Bishopsgate, London, E.C.2.

JUNO

NEW HAIR-GROWTH

BY USING KOTALKO

The small photo, taken from a football group, shows how bald Mr. Evans was. The other photograph proves the wonderful new growth of hair which has come through using three boxes of Kotalko.
J. H. Brittain, Ltd., London.

"Dear Sirs,—I had gradually been losing my hair for a long time, until at last I became almost completely bald, with hardly a hair on my head. My hair previous to the baldness was very straight and thin, whereas to-day it is a mass of wonderful curls.

"I can strongly recommend Kotalko to those who are bald, losing hair or troubled with dandruff."

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) JACK EVANS.

Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

—SEND THIS COUPON—
Or Copy It.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd., 2, Percy St. (53 N.H.), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

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SUCCESS! A trained mind will carry you on to a success for which, at present, you scarcely dare to hope. Clough's Correspondence College offer you, for a very low fee, the personal guidance of a highly qualified staff of expert tutors. Special Courses for Civil Service, All Teachers' Exams., Handicraft Teachers, Hygiene, Froebel, Commercial Courses (Shorthand, Bookkeeping, etc.).

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1/- Down The Most Marvellous SOUNDBOX yet invented is the VITA - PHONIC

which has entirely revolutionized gramophone reproduction. No matter what make your gramophone is, a Vita-Phonic Soundbox will make it give results equal to the finest and most costly cabinet instrument.

According to the press and to thousands of satisfied users it gives the most perfect rendering of every note with a volume and clarity of tone hitherto unachieved. It gives to a small portable instrument

Double the Volume and it Fits any Make

of gramophone. The success of the Vita-Phonic Soundbox is due to the introduction of an entirely new principle of amplification giving that purity which makes you think "the music is in the room."

No matter what your gramophone cost in the first place the addition of a VITA-PHONIC Soundbox will make it a first-class instrument and give you real pleasure from every record.

Specially recommended for the new Electric Records.

Irish and Foreign Orders Cash Only.

WHEN ORDERING, be sure to state the make of your gramophone, and mention if sound box slips over or into the tone arm.

GUARANTEE. Money returned in full if you are not satisfied and send the soundbox back within 7 days.

"The Gramophone and Talking Machine News," the technical paper for the gramophone lover, says: "It is the best soundbox they have ever tested."

Our Offer to You

For 1/- down you can make your old gramophone into a new one.

We will send a Vita-Phonic Soundbox on receipt of the first deposit of 1/- and your promise to pay the balance by 6 weekly payments of 2/-, making a total of 13/-(Cash price 10/6) Send your remittance to-day, and remember that you can make a substantial saving if you send the balance within 7 days. Do not miss this opportunity of doubling the value of your gramophone.

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Mitre House, 177 Regent Street, LONDON, W.1.
CALL AND HEAR ONE FOR YOURSELF

SOUR STOMACH IS DANGEROUS.

Get Rid of the Acid Before it Does You Harm.

Don't let indigestion sap your vitality and shorten your life. Get rid of the dangerous acid and food fermentation that is irritating your stomach, forming gas and causing pain—conditions which only get worse if neglected, and which may eventually cause ulcers. No matter how severe or chronic your trouble may be, you can instantly remove the cause by taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. This not only neutralises the excess stomach acid and stops fermentation—it also soothes and heals the stomach lining. Pain at once disappears, and healthful digestion follows naturally. 'Bisurated' Magnesia, which is absolutely safe and harmless, is used by thousands, recommended by physicians, and is obtainable of all chemists in both tablet and powder form at only 1s. 3d. Get a package to-day, use as directed, and get rid of your digestive troubles before they cause you serious harm.

NOTE: 'Bisurated' Magnesia powder is now available with Mint flavour as well as in the unflavoured form—both afford instant relief.

Ryders NOTICE!

THE BITTER FROST we have had is a blessing in disguise. It will do more good to our gardens than anyone dreams of; **purifying, cleansing** and **enriching** the soil. The universal experience is that a bitter Winter is always followed by a wonderful Spring and Summer.

Orders should not be delayed but should be given immediately so that work can begin directly the frost goes.

Our large edition of catalogues is being exhausted, but we can promise a copy by return if it is asked for at once—*write to-day.*

RYDER & SON
(1920), LIMITED.
SEED MERCHANTS,
St. Albans

6/- WITH ORDER.

This is by far the biggest step in price-reduction since the War. Better value than ever.

THE GRAVES "ROYAL SLEUTH" CYCLE

SINGLE-SPEED MODEL, is a genuine 'thoroughbred' at a price never previously attempted. From start to finish it is of most dependable quality, every component part being of proved merit. It is the essence of cycle perfection

Read the Specification and judge for yourself.

DUNLOP ROADSTER TYRES.
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RENOLD CHAIN, HALF-INCH PITCH.

Pump, Tool Bag, Spanners, Oilcan Frame is rust-proofed, enamelled Black & Conch lined (or All Black if desired). Ladies' or Gent's Model same price. Carriage Paid **£4:10:0**

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TERMS: Our Bargain Price is for Deferred Payments. 6/- now & complete purchase in 14 monthly payments of 6/-

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J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Write to "John Bull" about it!

The EDITOR Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

G. M. (Laybridge).—"What will you ve me for this poem in free verse?" A ee pardon.

L. P. (Dorking).—"I learnt to write rough the post." We think you ought to e somebody about it.

K. F. (Kinross).—"It is six months nce I wrote to you." So long? Happi- ss lends wings to Time.

B. N. (Littlewick).—"I have the full e of my five senses." But you seem to k the sixth, or common sense.

N. M. (Chelsea).—"I enclose my slim ume of poems. What do you think of ?" Not nearly slim enough.

B. M. (Matlock).—"The burglars didn't e any of our silver." They must have en experts.

R. T. (Leigh).—"This letter will knock u sideways." We beg to report that we ve retained our equilibrium.

B. H. (Dover).—"It hurts me to write you like this." Then please spare urself any more pain.

V. S. (Doncaster).—"I feel that I ays look my best in a blue serge suit." that where you shine?

F. L. J. (Leith).—"On an average, ten usand people pass the Albert Memorial ry day." We're not surprised.

E. C. (Worthing).—"He has married in and is just as happy as before." has evidently won a second prize.

T. F. (Crewe).—"I know a lot of people don't miss much." Those you 't know don't miss much either.

N. B. (Brighton).—"I generally take 12.50 train to London." Then it's to one if you catch it.

O. K. G. (Chiswick).—"I actually ght a second-hand car for £5." But e you tried to drive the bargain yet?

. R. (Woking).—"I feel put out n I pay such high rent." You will more put out if you don't.

T. (Ipswich).—"I love watching pictures in the fire." The only e for a lot of the modern pictures.

. M. (Hebburn).—"The story I en- e is rather long." Our office boy will h it easily in two messages.

. M. (Langley).—"If I hadn't read warning in time I should have been in." And also 'put out.'

B. (London, N.).—"My telephone mt was absolutely correct." Well, the post office makes a mistake times.

T. (Sydenham).—"Have you noticed footballers are generally well- ed?" Rugby players are certainly coloured.

M. G. (Watford).—"I am writing you little letter to let you know I'm better." And in reply we must say, we didn't know that you'd been ill.

D. (Durham).—"What do I need to a film star?" Good looks, a sent, influence, good looks, a Press and a Press agent.

B. (St. Albans).—"She is a very n mother." Can she hold safety- and a cigarette in her mouth at the time?

D. (Margate).—"I carried our small for over five miles in the pouring and he made us laugh all the way." s carrying a joke rather too far.

H. (Hammersmith).—"The doctor e to follow his prescription, but I the stuff out of the window." ught to have followed it, as he t.

D. Y. (Marlow).—"I have a lovely soprano voice." But we don't want to hear you singing your own praises.

A. T. (Yarmouth).—"The photographer asked me to look pleasant." Why didn't he try to get a natural picture of you?

W. D. (Winskill).—"Present-day clothes have a splendid finish." Yes, but the starting price is something awful.

CLARA (Hayes).—"I know now that he married me for my money." Well, he probably earned it.

C. F. (Liverpool).—"I think I may claim to be climbing to the top of the ladder." Who's holding it for you?

"COOK" (Hampstead).—"I call myself just an ordinary work-a-day woman." Here to-day and gone to-morrow!

T. A. (Denby Dale).—"Life is full of ups and downs." But you'll be wise to live it on the level.

LUCIEN (Cheadle).—"I write my poetry on 'buses." Paper would surely be better!

NEWLY WED (Harrow).—"Is there a good guide to cookery?" Yes. Practise on strangers first.

DOLLY (Brighton).—"I can't understand what he means." Your chief interest seems to be whether he has any.

N. W. (Watford).—"He said that he married me because I was a good cook." Well, he had to make some excuse.

Miss R. (Clapham).—"A stranger spoke to me in the tram." Did you get off?

E. D. (Grindon).—"Is your office boy steady?" If he was any steadier, he'd be motionless.

G. K. (Normanton).—"I am giving her a small monkey for her birthday present." It will always remind her of you, won't it?

S. H. B. (Sunbury).—"There is no doubt that the earth is getting smaller." It's not our fault; we always replace the divots.

D. J. (Farnham).—"I knew at once that he was a burglar and I threw the loud-speaker at him." Well, there's a use for everything after all.

G. P. (Wembley).—"I have often been mistaken for a Member of Parliament." We like a man who can tell a story against himself.

G. J. (Luton).—"In my opinion, England is a land of promise." It will be when the General Election is a bit nearer.

A. G. K. (Reading).—"I was standing at the corner when a man in a blue suit came and spoke to me." Did you go quietly?

Mrs. R. (Kirkby Stephen). — "No roofing is quite so nice as moss-covered tiles." That encourages us to wear the greenish one we've had for two years instead of buying a new one.

G. R. (Charlbury).—"As a success I've been a failure." And as a failure you seem to have been a success.

F. S. (Ringwood).—"One can now get eggs in tabloid form." They won't be much use at the General Election.

W. A. (Isleham).—"My wife won't listen to the word 'baby.'" Try adding "Austin."

W. N. (Crowle).—"Girls are not marrying as early as they used to." But they are marrying more often.

R. Y. (Tetbury).—"Sleep is a fine thing." But nobody likes to be caught napping.

A. C. (Leyland).—"I want to be certain of getting the best of everything." Then you must make the best of everything.

M. H. (Grimsby).—"How can I live down my past?" By living up to your future.

E. D. (Hertford).—"All my wife thinks of is dressing up. But what can I do?" Give her a dressing down.

B. T. J. (Cirencester.)—"I'm going to give *Bullets* a fair trial in the next few weeks." Let's hope you get an £8 a week for life sentence.

V. M. (Oxford).—"This is my latest photograph; it is very like me." Still, so long as you're healthy, that's the chief thing.

H. W. (Poplar).—"We quarrelled because I told her to leave her face as Nature gave it to her." And did she make it up?

L. M. (Norwich).—"How far is Long Acre from Piccadilly Circus?" About two minutes if you can run without being run over.

Mrs. O. (Pickering).—"Parents don't believe so much in heredity to-day." Unless their children grow up distinguished.

AUNTIE (Bury).—"They say that Mr. Bernard Shaw was once in the Salvation Army." So that's where he learned to beat the big drum.

R. F. (Bristol).—"I asked her to remove her hat, and she refused." Perhaps she thought the play wasn't fit for you to see.

S. N. (Cleethorpes).—"When I had finished speaking she opened her mouth but didn't says a word." Was she yawning?

F. P. (Folkestone).—"Moving grand pianos is one of my strong points." We didn't imagine it was a little weakness of yours.

E. H. (Tottenham).—"What is a fellow to do when he isn't very sure whether or not he loves his girl sufficient for marriage?" Feel quite sure he doesn't.

T. J. (Belper).—"I now own a car, but when I first started in life, I walked." We couldn't even crawl when we first started in life.

F. L. (Shoreham).—"If a baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be gently heated in a saucepan." How cruel!

A. D. (Carlisle).—"I think this letter is clever. Do you not think so?" Yes, we do not think so.

O. S. (Islington).—"My coat was torn from armpit to pocket." A side-splitting affair.

H. H. (Pimlico).—"The next article I write, I will not send to you." Thanks very much indeed.

N. B. (Leeds).—"In sending you my poem I am paying you a compliment." And we return the compliment.

F. L. (Dunkeld).—"Although she doesn't really know me, you should have heard the remarks she passed." You ought to be thankful that she isn't a friend.

MOLLIE (Pinner).—"I nearly always have a chilblain on my foot." Dear, dear, that's not nearly so nice as having a chap on your hands, is it?

O. W. (Bradford).—"It's hard lines for a singer when he realises his day is done." And hard cheese for his audience when he doesn't.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

Side Slips

Examples of genuine unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Obvious printers' errors not wanted. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Slip."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"The police are always on duty, with clothes on WITHOUT."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"Tall and dark and fiercely æsthetic-looking, his dark brown VOICE fits his appearance perfectly."

"CLACTON TIMES & GAZETTE":—"Man and wife would like post together for season, not PARTIAL to any kind of work."

"NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS":—"Two TRAINS were caught in the snow-drift near Stranraer, where they remained in the WAITING-ROOM of the station."

"SUNDAY POST":—"At night I mix together and add to half a pint of water the juice of one lemon, one tablespoonful of glycerine, a jolly good glass of whisky and A HOT WATER BOTTLE."

"SPORTS ARGUS" (Birmingham):—"Prince, —— who is only 21 inches in height, will be accompanied by his valet, another MIDGET, whose height is EIGHT FEET."

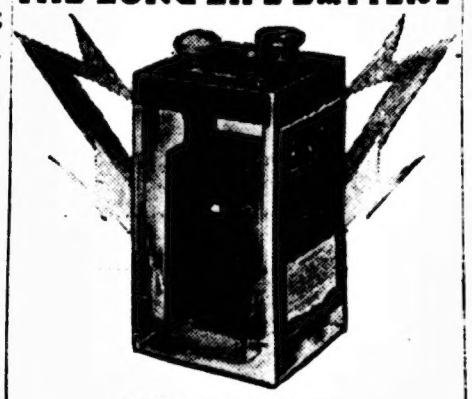
"DAILY EXPRESS":—"Why should we send TIN to America to come back to us in the form of CANNED FRUIT when we have all the material for a great preserving industry here at our door?"

REDUCE YOUR WIRELESS BILL

The Exide DTG series of low tension batteries not only cost less to buy but cost much less to maintain. They will stand semi-discharged for months without harm — meaning you can reduce recharging to a negligible amount by using a larger battery. Ideal for house bells also. Ask your dealer.

Exide

THE LONG LIFE BATTERY



PRICE PER 2 VOLT CELL

Type DTG, 20 amp. hrs. - 4/6	Type DFG, 45 amp. hrs. - 8/6
With carrier - 5/-	With carrier - 9/-
Type DMG, 70 amp. hrs. - 11/-	Type DHG, 100 amp. hrs. - 14/6

Obtainable from Exide Service Agents and all reputable dealers.

Exide Batteries, Clifton Junction, Near Manchester

120

A HAWKER IN DESPAIR

Crushed by Police Order

Dead with the Cold

Mr. Buckman

MR. SAMUEL BUCKMAN is a street-hawker. He used to hire a barrow for 2s. a week and sell flowers outside Covent Garden market—a good position, where, with fair weather, he could make a profit of £3 a week.

At the close of last year, however, an order was given by the police that all street sellers were to be turned away.

This order meant that he was "broke," which to a man with five children and a wife in poor health is serious.

His rent of 18s. 7d. for a L.C.C. house, which he had been obliged to take, as the rooms he rented at 11s. a week were condemned, soon fell into arrears.

He appealed to the guardians for help without success. "I'm between two boroughs," he explained, "and neither borough wants me. Yet, hawker or no hawker, I feel I'm entitled to a little help. I worked in the trenches for four years. If they had granted me a little help I would have been able to carry on."

His boots, when we saw him, were deplorable, and his hands had gone dead with the cold.

A little help to enable him to "carry on" in a new pitch marvellously transformed his downcast expression into one of good humour and hopefulness.

And that is what, with our readers' help, the Fund is out to do. The Fund is in a bad way financially and the clothes-cupboard is bare. What will *YOU* do to help?

"The Greatest of These—"

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

Miss M. Dickins (Witney), 6d.; A. S. Mees (Parkstone), 2s.; N. M. Kinnish, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Bristol), 15s.; H. Bee (Thank Offering), 5s. 6d.; Baby Dion (Dovercourt), 2s.; Mrs. Lily Grey, 2s.; Reader of *John Bull*, 10s.; Florence B. Cheshire, £1; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Birdie (Wimborne), 1s. 6d.; Skittles, 2, 6d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Old Blck, 1s.; Anon. (Cardiff), 6d.; Mr. E. H. Marshall (Oxley), 2s.; Mrs. Cobban, 5s.; 'Teddy's Mother, 1s.; Charles Clark (Newhaven), £1 1s.; Mr. H. J. King (Clifton), £1; Little Peter, 2s.; Anon., 3s. 3d.; J. N. S. B., 4s.; "?" 1s. 10d.; Heast, 2s. 6d.; Mr. G. F. Excell (Larkfield), 1s.; Richard Wheeker, 1s.; Anon. (Leicester), 1s.; Mr. John Collier (Selangor, F.M.S.), 15s.; T. D. Stanton, 1s. 6d.; E. Mary Harries, 2s.; J. E. (Bedminster), 1s.; Miss A. Dean (Wragley), 1s.; A. E. Coombs, 4s.; F. L. (Harrogate), 6d.; Tone, 6d.; Robert Doble, 1s.; Grateful Heart (Chichester), 9d.; E. C. P., 1s.; Anon., 1s.; T. S. F. (Bramerton), 1s. 6d.; Agate, 5s.; Bill & Lott, 1s. 6d.; RH & EF, 1s.; Mrs. I. Cooper (Darwen), 1s.; Grateful Heart, 2s.; Anon., 7½d.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s. 4d.; Plimble, 2s.; Deadhill (Bolton), 1s.; Noin (Glasgow), 4d.; M. S., 1s.; Irish Stamps, 3s.; Mr. G. Roddis (Sask., Canada), 8s. 1d.; E. P. (Colemr., 1s. 6d.; Target Winner (Barnack), 1s.; With Love, 1s.; Anon., 1s. 9d.; A. K. (Ashton-under-Lyne), 10s.; "?" 1s. 2d.; S. H. G., 10s.; Miss Kitty Rolfe, 5s.; Unemployed 8yn patidser, 6d.; H. F. Strip (Cape Colony), 6d.; Mr. F. Newing (India), 7s.; G. L., CB, 6d.; Mary (Weston-super-Mare), 1s.; M. J. Brook, 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Southport), 2s.; One Who Knows, 2s. 6d.; J. C. Leather (Northwich), 1s.; Nerox, 2s. 9d.; Ida (Shortlands), 5s.; G. Stanbridge, 1s.; 3123229 L/C F. C. Clark (A. & S. Highrs.), 1s.; C. B. (Witham), 2s. 6d.; A Southender Who is Happy, 5s.; W. H. C. (Mirfield), 5s.; T. D., 1s.; Constant Reader, 1s.; Forest-Shiter (Epping), 3s.; Anon. (Glasgow), 2s.; Anonymous, 5s. 6d.; Mary Thompson, 5s.; T. O. M., 2s. 6d.; A Poor Woman, 1s. 6d.; Mr. Ernest Richardson, £2; M. S., 1s.; Mrs. A. Nicholls, 2s. 6d.; Cnadwell, 2s. 6d.; M. D. (St. Boswells), £1; Ex-Service 219, £1; "?" 1s. 10d.; The Sender (Pitlands), 3s. 6d.; Mrs. A. Moxon, 7d.; With Love, 1s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; Arthur E. Williams (Romford), 10s.; Two Friends (Sask., Canada), 8s. 1d.; Muriel & Teddy, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; E. V. Baylis (Stratford), 5s.; S. C. Watts (Plymouth), 5s.; Mr. Jordan (In Box), 3s. 11½d.; Teddy, 2s. 6d.; Waterwheel, 5s.

Parcels of clothing are gratefully acknowledged from Edwin (Brixton), Mrs. S. (West Ealing), Poor Mother of Seven (in Gloucester-shire), Heath (S.W.11), Mrs. A. Warburton, L. S. Bulwell, Mrs. G., Wernouth, Constant Reader, Miss K Fletcher, Mrs. E. Saunders (Swindon).

(*Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.*)

A CLOTHES LINE TRAGEDY

Reader Killed

"JOHN BULL" PAYS £250

HANGING out the clothes. Who would suspect that any danger lurked in such a homely occupation? Yet it has caused the death of one of our readers.

Mrs. Noble, of 75, High Street, Cymmer, Porth, was standing on a low wall, as was her custom, putting pegs into the week's washing. Without any warning some of the stones of the wall gave way under her. She fell headlong on to the stone flags beneath, death being instantaneous. "John Bull" has despatched to the widower a cheque for £250 under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift — just one of the many benefits paid this week.

Not only against accident, but against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, "John Bull" covers you free. Even the children benefit under this great Family Free Insurance. Register now on Forms below.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 2/3/29.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull," Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full .....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.) Age.....

Address .....

.....

Signature.....

Name and address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B., 2/3/29.

Three Wonderful Prizes—

WIN YOUR CHOICE!

£8 A Week for Life,

An Ideal Home, or £3,000 CASH

Mr. William Bell, of 13, Williamson Avenue, Dumbarton, Ideal Home prize-winner last year.

A YEAR ago this week, the alert young Scotsman whom you see here used one of his spare half-hours to such effect that he headed the prize-list in our Ideal Home contest.

To-day he is revelling in the benefits of the mighty cheque he selected as his prize for the simple but telling "Bullet"—"ARMY AND NAVY—MAKE MEN—DESTROY MANKIND."

Any reader of JOHN BULL who can give half-an-hour to "Bullets" can win the magnificent prize which we announce this week. For a few simple, well-chosen words you can win the choice between these three colossal prizes:—

(1) Life Pension of £8 a week;

(2) Ideal Home, Complete Furniture, Motor-car and £1,000 cash;

(3) A single payment of £3,000 cash.

If you select the Pension Prize, you will assure yourself a comfortable income for the rest of your days. Life will take on a new complexion when you know that, come what may, a cheque for £8 will arrive from JOHN BULL for you every week.

If you prefer, the few words which make you the winner can provide that Ideal Home for which you have been longing. You simply select the site, and JOHN BULL will build the house, furnish it to your taste and place in the garage a £260 Singer Saloon Car, adding a cheque for £1,000 to make this prize up to £3,000 in value.

Should you desire your prize in one lump sum, the alternative of £3,000 cash opens up endless possibilities for planning your future and providing for your family. With such a huge amount of money at your disposal, you could build a business of your own, start your children comfortably in life and still leave a big bank balance to provide for your old age.

You have plenty of time in which to make your efforts for this mighty prize, and ideas for "Bullets" are everywhere—if you will only seek them. Somebody must win this mighty prize, and it may be you!

Mr. Bell attributed his success largely to studying the methods of previous winners. Follow his advice this very evening. See whether the winning efforts below cannot put you on the track of a Pension, an Ideal Home or a Fortune!

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 704

FIRST PRIZE OF £800:

Mr. R. G. WICKS, "Ewepens," Cirencester Park, Glos.
Example:—TIMES HAVE CHANGED
Bullet:—ESPECIALLY MRS. MERRICK'S BEDTIMES!

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. JAMES VERNON, Queen's Villa, Hr. Buxton, Derbys.
Example:—LIFE
Bullet:—ENVYING SOMEBODY ELSE'S.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. G. H. LAKE, 467, London Road, High Wycombe.
Example:—CLEAR ENOUGH
Bullet:—EGG'S BIRTHPLACE—NOT BIRTHDAY.

10 Prizes of £5 each:

MRS. M. BROWN, 94, Hyndland Road, Glasgow.
HURRY UP, MR. BALDWIN—YOU'LL NEVER—" KEEP APPOINTMENT!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

MISS B. FORSTER, 52, Holly Mount Road, Worcester.
TIMES HAVE CHANGED—ANKLES PEEPED—KNEES STARE.

MRS. A. MAUDE, Dipton, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
FROM NOW ON—*National* SCANDALS INTERESTING WOMEN.

J. MCDAID, James Street, Moville, Co. Donegal.
THE ASHES—OF DESPOTISM, FREEDOM'S TRACK.

W. PICKERING, 86, Pear Tree Street, Derby.
WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST—"BLIND" VOTING—"ONE-EYED" POLITICS.

A. ROBERTS, 316, Mile End Road, London, E.
"WELCOME HOME!"—BEST WRITTEN ON *Faces*.

H. SAWYER, 81, Shaftesbury Road, Southport.
A STEP FORWARD—THEN WINSTON STEPS FORWARD.

H. H. TYLER, 40, Longworth Road, Bolton.
HURRY UP, MR. BALDWIN—DESTITUTE CAN'T PAWN *Vote*.

MISS T. WILLIAMS, 185, Trinity Street, Huddersfield.
WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST—WALL—AWAITING GOVERNMENT'S "EXECUTION."

E. WISBY, Park Villa, Park Road, Wivenhoe, Essex.
A STEP FORWARD—EINSTEIN MET HIMSELF COMING.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

N. BROOKS, 48, Bedford Road, Ilford.
LIFE—"CLOSED BOOK" TO BOOKWORM.

MRS. E. CARTER, 188, Abbey Foregate, Shrewsbury.
TIMES HAVE CHANGED—SINCE GRANNY *Wasn't* YOUNG.

MRS. G. DUVAL, 66, Ridley Street, Leicester.
CLEAR ENOUGH—ROAD LOOKS—BUT LOOK!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. JACKSON, 18, Lambton Place, Harehills, Leeds.
LIFE—ONLY GIVER SHOULD TAKE.

H. NUSSENBAUM, 7, Central Buildings, High Street, Peckham.
WORK—WORK—WORK—THAT'S PRINCE'S "SUCCESSION" NOW.

A. ROBERTS, 47, Leslie Avenue, Taunton, Som.
HE SAID TO HER—PROUDLY—"FIRST DOLE, MOTHER!"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon)

F. TATHAM, 17, Henry Street, Keighley.
THE SURVIVORS—QUACK CALLS HIS "CURES."

H. TOWAITE, Ghyll House, West Newton, A-patria, Cumb.
WOMAN ON THE JURY—DOING *Ladies* MEN'S WORK.

MRS. A. TOBBELL, Bates Houses, Blaydon-on-Tyne.
THE LANDLORD—RAISING MORTALITY—DISTRESSING MORALITY.

H. S. WALSH, Toddington, Beds.
THE LANDLORD—ASKS "ANY PREVIOUS *Loans*?"

A list of 25 £1 and 50 10s. winners will be published in "Bullets Bulletin," a copy of which will be sent to all prize-winners. Any reader can receive a copy of "Bullets Bulletin," our new help for competitors, on application to the "Bulletin" Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2, enclosing half-penny stamped addressed envelope.

Readers requiring the next twelve issues of "Bullets' *Bulletin* should send crossed 6d. P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, instead of stamped addressed envelope. Loose stamps not accepted.

A list of 500 2s. 6d. Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "JOHN BULL."

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £800 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" No. 703 will be displayed in the window of Mr. C. J. Williams, The Walk, Lydney, Glos.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.

Cheques for £10, £3, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the first four "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 704 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

"BULLETS" RULES.

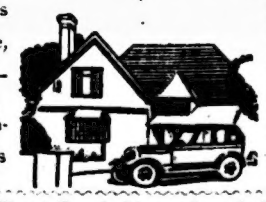
1. The First Prize will be awarded to that in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. Two attempts may be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and address and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of the rules is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.



Win the mighty "Bullets" First offered this week and choose this Ideal House, a Life Pension of £8 a week, or £3,000 cash!

HOW TO WIN YOUR PRIZE

HAVING studied the details of our sensational prize of a Life Pension Ideal Home, or Fortune, make up your mind to enter now. *Bullets* is the simplest of skill competitions. You have merely to select an *Example* from the list and add any TWO, THREE or FOUR Words of apt and original comment.

Thus if you work on the *Example* PUBLIC BENEFACTOR, the added words PROVIDES PLAYGROUNDS AND WORKSHOPS would form a *Bullet*. Nothing could be easier—start on your *Bullets* at once!

"Bullets" Bulletin: Send halfpenny stamped addressed envelope for current issue to BULLETIN Department, "John Bull," Long Acre, W.C.2.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three, or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Choose from these Examples for "Bullets" No. 708

OUR SAILOR KING	MISSING	A SURPRISE PACKET
BRITAIN'S STORY	SPENDING TOO MUCH	IN HER FAVOUR
LAUGHING AT THE LAW	A GOOD DEED	SHIVERING IN HIS SHOES
IDEAL BUDGET	I'LL BE RICH WHEN	AS A MATTER OF FACT
TO EASE THE SITUATION	IN THE POLITICAL ARENA	PUBLIC BENEFACTOR
FLIRTING WITH DEATH	TOIL AND TROUBLE	MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE
SOME PEOPLE SAY	PEACEFUL WORLD	OUR PARROT
ACCORDING TO GRANDPA	THE RIGHT ROAD	EGGS
A MILLION UNEMPLOYED	HE WAS HONEST, BUT	ALL WOMEN
RADIUM	IN UTOPIA	SAVED
WINSTON'S CHANCE	DOING SOME THINKING	A WARNING
IN LIFE'S TRAFFIC	BOLDLY	LAST OF ALL
MODERN LOVE	ENORMOUS	IS THIS A FREE COUNTRY?
SOONER OR LATER		

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN. You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

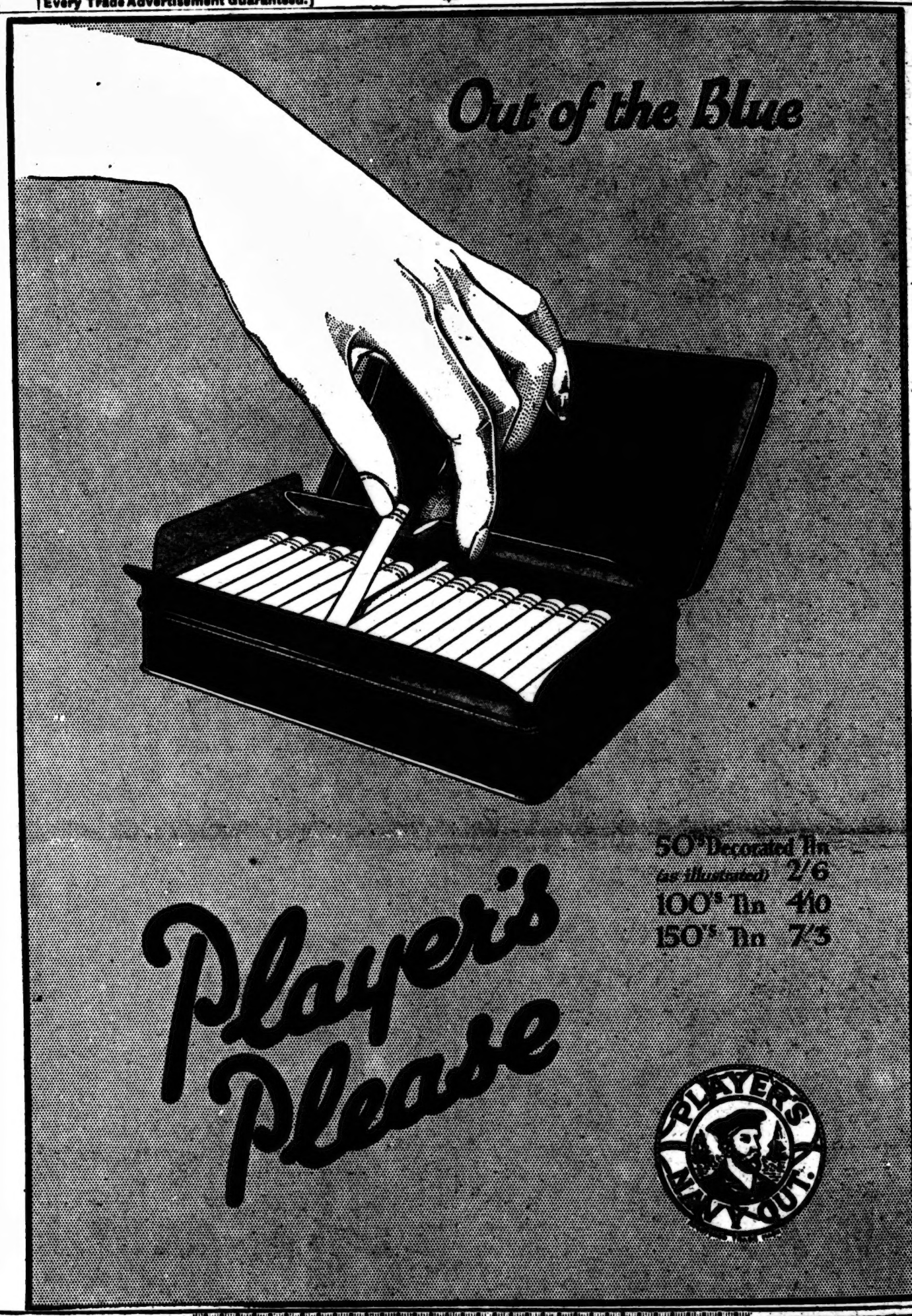
Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 5 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Example _____ Closing SATURDAY, March 16.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(708) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 38. With 6 Coupons, send P.O. for 3s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 708, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)



PLUVEX ROOF FELT

Best for all small buildings, easy to lay. No tarring, no trouble. Unequalled for quality. In rolls of 12 sq. yds. at 8/6. Heavy grade 9/-. Every roll guaranteed. Used under lino on concrete prevents rot.

LASTS LONGEST! Of Ironmongers everywhere

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

TO MAKE A PERFECT CUSTARD FOSTER CLARK'S CREAM CUSTARD

In great quantity must be used. Each 4½d. carton now contains 6 ounces and makes—the same quantity as before—the 8½d. quantity to make a pint of perfect custard.

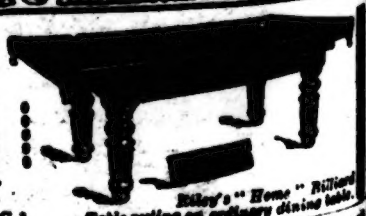
A FIRST PAYMENT Of 14/- BRINGS A NEW AND NEVER ENDING INTEREST INTO YOUR HOME.

A 6ft. Riley "Home" Billiard Table to rest on your dining table (Cash Price £11 15 0). Let one for 7 days. Balance paid monthly. Riley's "Combine" Billiard and Dining Tables can also be had on easy payment terms. The cash price range from £38 10 0. Rileys are also the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain. Estimates sent free.

Here are the prices for Riley's "Home" Billiard Tables

6ft. 6in. x 3ft.	4in.	..	..	..	..	£7
6ft. 4in. x 3ft.	10in.	..	..	..	..	£8
6ft. 6in. x 3ft.	4in.	..	..	..	..	£11 15
7ft. 6in. x 3ft.	10in.	..	..	..	..	£13 5
8ft. 6in. x 4ft.	6in.	..	..	..	..	£22 10

Or in 18 monthly payments of 8/6, 11/-, 16/-, 18/-, 26/-



Riley's "Home" Billiard Table resting on ordinary dining table.

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL, carriage paid and transit risks taken. WRITE TO-DAY FOR FREE ART LIST.

E. J. RILEY LTD., ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, and at Dept. 6, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1

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